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# COUNTRY LIFE

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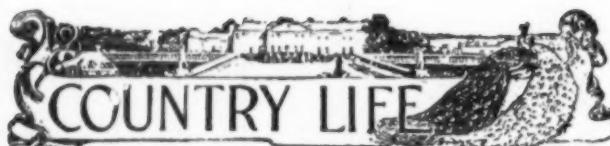
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SPEAGHT.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND HER YOUNGEST CHILD.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

\* \* \* With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition.

## THE WASTE OF COAL.

M R. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has done few things that are likely to be of more service to the American public than to produce the cry "conservation of natural resources." He had to do with a country which had been rich in those things which are necessary to man's comfort and progress. The United States has land enough to produce wheat for a population much larger than is likely to come to that country for many years, even at the present extraordinary rate of increase; but, to some extent, even this natural resource has been wasted by the farmer who, metaphorically speaking, only scratched the soil, took its virgin crop and moved to another quarter where he could repeat the process. That was in the days of abundant wheat. Now he is finding it necessary to do as his English ancestors did, that is, cultivate the soil and renew its fertility by the addition of suitable manures. The apparently inexhaustible cereal productivity of the United States is already seen to be measurable and finite. Still more pronounced was the waste of the timber so profusely grown by Nature in those centuries when the white man's foot was stranger than that of the Indian. But recently a great alarm has been raised about the wastage of the wood supply, and arrangements have been made to arrest it. This country differs very much from the United States, but, still, from these examples there are certain maxims to be drawn for our guidance which cannot be safely rejected. One of our most considerable assets as a nation is the coal supply. In the past it has not only yielded warmth to the millions of workers, but has enabled us to forge ahead of other countries in the manufacture of things of brass and iron; but this cannot go on indefinitely, and, in the opinion of many, the time has arrived

when it is the duty of Englishmen to husband the coal resources of the United Kingdom. A writer in one of the great scientific journals has directed special attention to this in an article called "The Provident Use of Coal." He confines himself to the waste in households and in the manufacture of gas, but in reality this is only the fringe of the subject. It is matter well worth the consideration of our legislators whether we are in a position to allow the export of anthracite coal to continue.

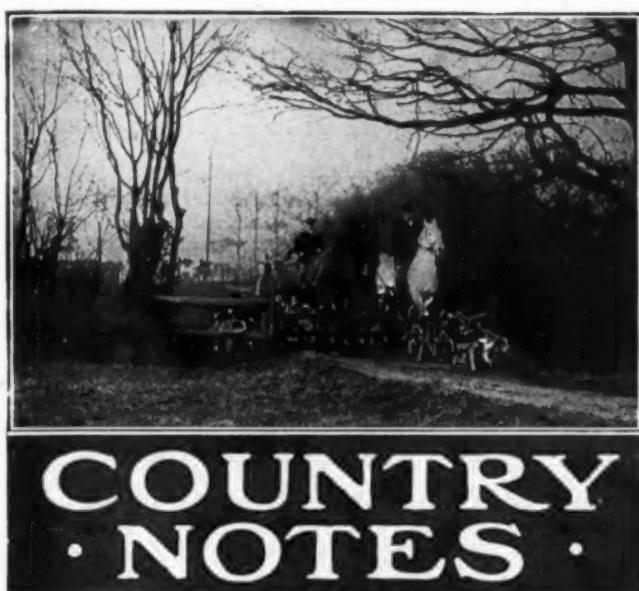
We are quite aware that this matter has been the subject of accusation and retort between the Tariff Reformers and the Free Traders, but this ought not to be the case. The reasons advanced for limiting the export of coal have nothing to do with any fiscal policy. Free trade, we all know, is a relative term; it only means that a duty will not be put on any goods except for the purpose of revenue. It is desirable to keep our supply of smokeless coal for national purposes that have nothing to do with revenue. Tariff Reform, as we understand it, is a suggestion that certain articles should be taxed in order to help and encourage the home producer. This is not the object aimed at; so that the conservation of our coal supply can be, and ought to be, urged, without the slightest reference to the controversial politics of the hour. Its advocacy rests upon the simple fact that the supply in the nature of the case is limited, and that we ought to economise it as much as possible. This plain duty is due to future generations. We have to remember that the consumption of coal at home is continually increasing owing to a variety of reasons. There are the larger populations in towns which need more light and fuel; there are more factories and ships, which are the great consumers of coal; and, in fact, in every direction there is a greater demand on the supply. National economy demands that we should husband it as much as possible. Probably there are many other ways in which the use of coal could be avoided. In our electrical plants, for example, sufficient use is not made of the inexhaustible forces of Nature, wind and water. It would be better to employ these as far as possible now than wait until we are forced to do so by the enhanced price of coal.

These, nevertheless, are not the avenues which the contributor to our scientific contemporary expresses himself most anxious to stop. His opinion is that an extraordinary wastage takes place in the domestic grate. English people have a love for the open fire that is as old as the race. They think a room never looks perfectly cheerful unless a fire is blazing. But to make a blaze is not to put coal to its most economic use, as in the flame and the accompanying smoke there is an escape of many valuable bye-products. To avoid all this it is recommended that the coal be slowly coked. If the example of the gas companies is to be followed, the coke is rendered useless for consumption and the illuminating product, in the words of our contemporary, is beneath contempt. Evidently the gas companies will have to take notice of this warning if they are to compete on anything like equal terms with the electrical supply companies. They must improve their methods, both in regard to economy and by producing a brighter illuminant. In that case the coke left behind will not be like the incombustible material at present sold by the gas companies, but, burnt in a close range, will supply an even and good heat. This it will do while evading the very great nuisance of town smoke. Of this we talk lightly, as though it were only an offence to the eye and the nostrils; but students of hygiene are now generally agreed that a pall of smoke hanging over a town is an encouragement to many of our worst diseases, while a clear atmosphere is conducive to health. The case, then, is that if, instead of being used in a raw state, coal were first coked at a low temperature the result would be economical. The gas given off would be of high quality, and useful as an illuminant or for heating purposes. The residual coke would yield a high degree of heat, and could practically be burnt without producing smoke. The elements that are now allowed to float about in the atmosphere could be reduced to tangible shape as bye-products of various kinds, ranging from manure to disinfectant. This, briefly speaking, then, is the case for a more economic use of our coal supply.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden and her youngest child. Her Royal Highness is the elder daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; her marriage took place in 1905.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY • NOTES •

HERE is something very human and touching in the speech made by King George V. in reply to the address of welcome read to him by the Mayor of King's Lynn. It is in the under-current of the thought rather than in any direct expression in words that the feeling lies; but we can easily recognise how glad the King is to visit West Norfolk, "in which district my home with its many happy associations has been situated for so many years," and it was natural to recall those occasions on which his father was the central figure of similar functions. He alluded to King Edward's unfailing interest in the fortune and progress of the Grammar School which bears his name and which he did so much to foster and encourage, and declared his great desire in these respects to follow in the footsteps of his father. He also referred to that steady line of effort which earned for King Edward VII. the name of "the Peacemaker," and gave the welcome assurance that it was his earnest desire to continue "the great work of peace to which my beloved father devoted all his energies." In this brief but pregnant address His Majesty, with an economy of words his subjects would do well to emulate, laid down two golden rules of conduct, one for public and one for private life. In other words, he recognises a high ideal of conduct in duty to the commonwealth and duty to his neighbours.

While wishing Mr. Lewis Harcourt every success on his promotion to the Cabinet as Secretary for the Colonies, we cannot help regretting his removal from the post of First Commissioner of Works. He has filled it in a manner that could scarcely be bettered. In Parliament everybody knows the urbanity which comes from a natural disposition and the wit which he inherited from his father, but his taste is not so widely known. Yet Mr. Harcourt has proved himself in sympathy with every proper attempt to preserve ancient monuments and buildings of Great Britain. No one has more truly interpreted that growing reverence for our inheritance from the past which is a feature of the present time. In this he has been very adequately seconded by Sir Schomberg McDonnell, Secretary to His Majesty's Office of Works, whose zeal and knowledge are beyond all praise. We hope that the good traditions established by Mr. Lewis Harcourt, with the assistance of Sir Schomberg McDonnell, will be carried out by his successor, Lord Beauchamp.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will join warmly in the congratulations showered on Lord Rothschild on his seventieth birthday. They recognise fully the many merits which have entitled him to this distinction—his genius for finance, his widespread generosity, his enlightened support of the people from whom he sprung, and his other qualities. But there are other reasons. Lord Rothschild joins to his eminence in the directions named the credit of being a typical country gentleman. No one in England has done more to improve our breeds of pedigree stock, particularly Shire horses, shorthorns and Jerseys. He has also been a most generous supporter of agricultural exhibitions and other methods of educating the agriculturists of this country. Lastly, it should not be forgotten that he is a fine sportsman. His estate at Tring shows every aspect of what such a place should be, and if one were asked to direct a

foreigner to a property managed in an ideal and exemplary manner, it would be impossible to point to anything more perfect than the Tring estate.

Of Mr. Cecil Rhodes it cannot truly be said in Shakespearian language that "the good is oft interred with their bones." He set a magnificent example in dealing with the vast fortune he had accumulated, and it is gratifying to see that it is being followed on a scale almost equally munificent by others. To show this by example it is only necessary to consider the endowments made when the Duke of Connaught laid the foundation-stone of University Hall, Cape Town. Mr. Malan, Union Minister of Education, announced that Mr. Otto Beit had found available the sum of two hundred thousand pounds, bequeathed by Mr. Alfred Beit for a University at Johannesburg, for the creation of a teaching University at Groote Schuur, and Sir Julius Wernher would make the amount up to five hundred thousand pounds. We cannot be far wrong in thinking that the gift of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes to the nation is in some degree responsible for this magnificent endowment. To do so is not at all to detract from the merit of the donors; it only shows that they recognise that it is as fine and noble a thing to give or bequeath money for the benefit of future generations of their fellow-countrymen as to leave it to their nearest relatives.

Mr. Asquith's non-political speeches are well worthy of attention. They differ from those of almost every other eminent speaker. They have not the wide eloquence and ardour of Lord Rosebery's deliberations nor the speculativeness of those of Mr. Balfour; but the Prime Minister has the gift of speaking with the greatest sincerity and energy about the subjects of the day without trenching on party interests. This week he addressed the Freemen of Glasgow, who, in accordance with the tradition of the city, which numbers among its past Freemen all the Prime Ministers of England, had admitted him to the number. Two points in his speech stand out as going to the root of that manufacture of unemployables and paupers which is one of the crying evils of the day. He found one source in the number of children who, in the overcrowded districts, are compelled to spend their leisure in the streets while the schools and playgrounds stand empty. The other source he found in the errand-boy, who is to be seen as he either sits on a van or dawdles along the road reading the unhealthy literature so profusely provided for him in these days. The time comes when he is too old to be an errand-boy, and, as he has learned no trade, he drifts inevitably into the crowds of the unemployed. To find a remedy for these two evils is a task worthy of the best statesmanship of the day.

### VENICE.

For F. C. B. C.

There is no sound along thy dark canals  
Save once a speeding gondola, theplash  
Of dipping oar and 'gainst high palace walls  
The ripple of the wash.

The moonlit clouds above thee idly drift  
And idly catch upon the horned moon.  
The weeds about thy washen doorways lift,  
Linger and idly swoon.

Of what old-world adventures art thou dreaming,  
O white-robed virgin of dark slumbrous seas,  
Of what great ships upon thy waters gleaming  
Laden with treasures?

GIDEON SCOTT.

Shape and definiteness are gradually being given to the proposal to erect a monument in London to the memory of King Edward VII. The committee have agreed that whatever else is done there should be a statue with the proper accessories to commemorate the King's personage. Few will be found to disagree with that. The statue is a recognised and suitable memorial, but there will require to be something else, and various proposals have been referred to a committee for their consideration. Looking at them as impartially as we can, it is impossible to find much to say in favour of any, except the one we have already recommended. The acquisition of the Crystal Palace would have the effect of an anti-climax, and we cannot believe that any large number of Londoners would like to have King Edward's name associated with that building.

Lord Esher's proposal for an historical museum and Lord Avebury's for a central hall for the University of London are praiseworthy schemes, but have no particular feature to make them acceptable. It is otherwise with the establishment of a fund for tropical research. This is a matter of

wide Imperial interest. It is especially suitable for commemorating the memory of a Monarch who was distinguished for his special fostering care of the hospitals of the country, and who looked forward to the establishment of a system of preventive medicine. The Tropical School was a development of the later years of his reign, and it would have given him great satisfaction to have seen its research carried out on a wide scale. Something better may be suggested, but it has not been propounded yet. Nearly everything that is required in a suitable memorial is to be found in the establishment of a permanent fund for the prosecution of research in tropical medicine.

Few people, even those who were politically opposed to its inauguration, will deny that the Old-Age Pension fulfils a very beneficent purpose; but its working is not even yet quite as perfect as its supporters hoped it would prove. Mr Lloyd George fondly represented it as salvation from the stigma of pauperism, and drew a glad picture of the pensioner spending his latter years as the honoured (paying) guest of some affectionate kinsman. In effect the picture is not quite so bright, and the old people themselves, who have had stern experience of the spending possibilities of a few shillings, are the first to see this. In one country workhouse where there are forty inmates eligible for a pension, only eight want it. The others frankly say they prefer the comfort and companionship of the workhouse ward to the grudging hospitality of the cottage fireside. The truth is that they are only welcome there so long as they can look after themselves, help a little in the house and eat the ordinary fare of the family.

Last Tuesday a most interesting private view of cinematograph pictures, taken by Dr. E. S. Marshall in the interior of Dutch New Guinea, was held at the Electric Palace, Marble Arch. Dr. Marshall is a member of the expedition sent by the British Ornithologists' Union to explore the Snow Mountains of that unknown country, and the committee invited a number of those who have been specially interested in this great undertaking, and who have been chiefly responsible for supplying the necessary funds, to come and see his pictures. Among those present there were a number of well-known scientific men, who exhibited great interest in this unique show. Most of the pictures were remarkably good, and conveyed a vivid impression of the natives and their mode of life as observed on the hitherto unexplored Mimika River.

The City Corporation are a difficult body to influence, and it would probably be over-sanguine to hope that they will reconsider their line of action with regard to the proposed St. Paul's Bridge, simply on account of the very logical and most reasonable objection to it made by Mr. Leonard Stokes in his presidential address to the Royal Institute of British Architects. When they have a task of this kind in hand they follow their old fashion of advertising for an architect, as they might advertise for a contractor or any other tradesman. In other words, they treat architecture purely as a trade and not as an art. If they wished to present the Lord Mayor with his portrait, they would never dream of advertising for a painter. They would find out from experts a committee and consider who was the most suitable artist for the work. This is the unflattering distinction that they draw between architecture and the other arts, and we cannot feel surprised that the architects resent it, especially when they take into account the incontestable fact that all the most abominable atrocities which have been perpetrated in London buildings have been the work of architects chosen by the system of advertisement. The alternative would be for the City Corporation to ask the Institute of British Architects which architect in their opinion was the most competent to carry out the work. If they could be induced to do this, it would probably lead to a solution of the present difficulty, because no architect chosen by the Institute would for one moment think of selecting the position without taking into full consideration its relation to St. Paul's Cathedral. In other words, an aesthetic principle would be admitted which hitherto the City Corporation has carefully excluded from its building operations.

The Local Government Board has, we understand, formulated a scheme for dealing with the rat plague. Where necessary, local authorities will be obliged to take steps for exterminating or at least reducing the pest. It is to be regretted, however, that so far the Board of Agriculture has not joined hands with the Local Government Board. Various estimates have been formed of the vast quantity of cereals and other farm produce devoured annually by rats. We do not pay much attention to the exact figures, because

they are bound to be a matter of guesswork, but the damage done must be stupendous. The present time would be a very suitable one to begin a campaign that would have for its object the saving of this waste. We hope that the former will abandon its policy of only encouraging local effort, and will take the initiative in setting on foot a general series of operations for the purpose of securing the end in view.

There are many occasions in the life of a good ship on which she is offered for sale, before the time comes for her to be given over to the ship-breakers. The stories of the vessels sold every year would fill many books; but few could boast of so varied a history as the Pandora, an auxiliary steam barquentine, which was sold last week. She was built in 1867 at Pembroke Dockyard, and was commissioned for service as a gunboat in the Suez Canal. Then she was employed by Sir Allan Young in Arctic exploration, and was one of the vessels used in the survey of the Straits of Magellan. Afterwards, as the Blencathra, she was a trading vessel in the Kara Sea; and, later still, appeared as the private yacht of a cotton magnate. But her most famous voyage was in the expedition of Mr. Caradoc Kerr, in 1904, to the Islands of Tristan da Cunha. The Pandora is as seaworthy to-day as she was forty years ago, and, so it is said, is soon to be once more in commission as a private yacht.

Mr. Adeane had a pleasant task at the meeting on November 2nd of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. A few years ago it was the almost invariable duty of the member who presented the report of the finance committee to explain away a deficit. In those days the "Royal" seemed to be going from bad to worse, and, whatever might be the other conditions prevailing, the existence of a deficit on each show might be taken for granted. But it is very different now. Liverpool was not blessed with the best of weather, and yet, taking the figures put forward as only approximate, the profit on the exhibition there was £5,400. Under the circumstances it was a most satisfactory report, and speaks much for the business acumen of those who were responsible for the arrangements. The "Royal" may now be said to have completely surmounted the difficulties that beset it.

#### TAM I' THE KIRK.

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation  
Frae valley and hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',  
When a'bodie's thochts is set on his ain salvation  
Mine's set on you.

There's a red rose lies on the Book o' the Word afore ye  
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,  
And the lad that pou'd yon flower i' the sun's first glory  
He canna' pray.

He canna' pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed him  
Where he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',  
For nane but the red rose kens what my lassie gie'd him  
— It, and us twa!

He canna' sing for the sang that his ain hairt raises,  
He canna' see for the licht that's afore his een,  
And a voice droons the hale o' the Psalms an' the Paraphrases  
Cryin' "Jean, Jean, Jean!"

VIOLET JACOB.

The severe frost that was experienced in nearly all parts of the country at the end of last week brought the flowers of the outdoor garden to an abrupt end. Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibition on Tuesday last were reminded of this by the many blank spaces that were to be found in the large hall. Fortunately, we are much better off for winter flowers than was the case a few years ago, and with the aid of a warm greenhouse it is not difficult to obtain blossoms of glowing and vivid colours throughout the whole of the winter. A race of plants that provides us with a galaxy of floral beauty at this season is the winter-flowering begonias, some excellent examples of which were to be seen at the exhibition. The originator of this race is a species named socotrana, which was discovered some years ago in the Island of Socotra. This is naturally a winter-blooming kind, with rather small, dull flowers; but by crossing it with the large-flowered, tuberous-rooted varieties that we admire so much in the summer, hybridists have given us a new race characterised by shapely habit and freedom of flowering, the single, semi-double and double flowers embracing varying shades of vermillion and pink.

In these days, when people all over the country have been for some years busily putting trout into their ornamental waters, we hear a good many complaints of the fish doing well for a time, but after a while ceasing to increase in size and falling off in condition. It is often a case of "spare the rod

and spoil the fish," for the most common reason of the falling off in condition is over-population. When fish are first turned in they may increase rapidly in size and for a while in number, in consequence of finding themselves in waters where the food supply has multiplied for years without any demands being made on it. Their introduction creates a sudden large demand, and when the supply becomes unequal to it their condition fails, from want of sufficient nourishment. Effective work with the rod, by reducing their numbers, might be a useful means of helping to restore the balance.

One of the saddest sights at this season of the year is that of the cottage gardens under the nip of the first frost. Dahlias form a great feature of their beauty, and whereas on one day we may see them bright and gay with these very decorative flowers,

on the next the plants, foliage and all, will be stricken black and shapeless. There is no averting this particular catastrophe. On the other hand, there are many varieties of plants, seldom seen in the gardens of the poor, which might be cultivated very effectively by cottagers if they would but take the simple precaution to lay some litter about their roots to protect them from the keenest attacks of the frost. It is a kind of precautionary measure, however, which commends itself very little to the genius of our improvident country people, and those who are interested in them might do them a very good turn by commanding it to them. As it is, they show a singular fatalism in these matters, seldom anticipating the advent of the seasonal changes and appearing to regard them with an annually fresh surprise as soon as manifested.

## RATS AND THE PLAGUE.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. F. NUTTALL, F.R.S.

**I**N COUNTRY LIFE of November 5th Professor Simpson gave excellent illustrations of the various kinds of rats which are chiefly concerned in the spread of plague, together with a brief sketch of the progress of the disease past and present. He emphasised the need of prompt and organised effort directed towards the destruction of these rodents generally. It appears to us to be an occasion in which the Government might with profit seek the advice of those who are qualified from personal knowledge of the disease to deal with the problems which we have to face. A conference of competent authorities would influence public opinion, and it is only through influence exerted in this direction that practical results will be attained and private efforts co-ordinated.

Experience in various parts of the world has shown that the destruction of rats is a very difficult matter in practice, that the most which can be attained is a reduction in their numbers. Apart from rat destruction we must seek to render our habitations and their immediate vicinity as unfit as possible for the abode of rats, and this can be done to some extent by removing as far as practicable their sources of food supply from about us. It was doubtless the careless disposal of food refuse, the throwing of it into streets and courts and the like in olden times, that led to towns and villages being so heavily infested by rats and visited by plague, for the inhabitants supported a great horde of rats which fulfilled the duties of scavengers. Although our present-day methods of disposing of such refuse are much better than formerly, there is still very much room for improvement. How frequently do we see garbage still thrown about or tossed into uncovered receptacles to which rats have ready access. Again, efforts should be made to render our granaries and food depots rat-proof. It has been found that any one of these measures against rats is insufficient. Continuous trapping, even when conducted by a thoroughly experienced staff, is only partially effective, especially if rats from outlying districts succeed in wandering in and replacing the rats which have been removed. Many rats refuse to take poisoned baits. The efforts to destroy rats by certain amply-advertised viruses have only exerted a partial or temporary effect, for a number of animals will always recover from an infective disease and afterwards be resistant to infection. This has been repeatedly observed in the case of plague in rats. The reduction in rat population consequent upon a well-conducted campaign against rats is, however, bound to lessen the spread of the disease, since it reduces the number of potential carriers of infection among rats and through rats to men.

It has been established conclusively by the work of our Indian Plague Commission and others that various species of fleas occurring on rats and other rodents are capable of transmitting plague. This for the reason that the fleas imbibe

infective blood from diseased animals and abandon their hosts when the latter die. Fleas, when hungry, are not over-particular as to the choice of a new host, and man is not infrequently the victim of their appetites. It is dangerous to approach and pick up a dead or dying plague rat without caution because of these fleas. The care that is required consists in sprinkling the ground about the rat and the rat itself with petroleum, the rat being then seized with a pair of tongs and consigned as soon as can be to the flames.

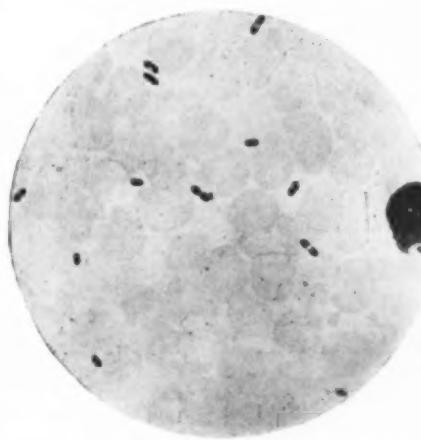
The rat is, however, not the only animal which may carry plague. Recent experience, for instance, in California

has demonstrated the widely spread prevalence of plague in ground squirrels, and upwards of 150,000 of these rodents have been destroyed in a vigorous campaign conducted against them by the American Government. A number of persons, exactly as in the case of rat plague, have become infected by handling infected squirrels; in one case plague followed upon the person being bitten by a squirrel which he sought to succour. The plague in squirrels has been traced to infected rats, which, as we know, may migrate from a plague centre into the country, as man has been known to do frequently in plague times. In India, plague occurs spontaneously in flying squirrels and monkeys; but this bears little upon the case in this country except as emphasising the fact that rats are not the only source of danger, though everywhere they are recognised as the chief factors in epidemic plague. We may add that plague has been observed to occur naturally in mice, rabbits and guinea-pigs, and occasionally in other animals, but not in equines, cattle, pigs and fowls.

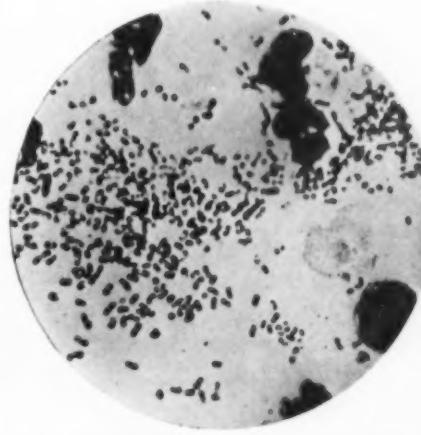
Plague is due to a bacillus which multiplies rapidly in the body. It occurs in considerable numbers in the blood in septicæmic plague and can frequently be found in the blood in bubonic plague. It is present in prodigious numbers in the buboes (swollen lymph glands and their surrounding tissue, known as "botches" in Elizabethan times) or in the sputum in plague pneumonia. The latter form is happily the least frequent type of plague; it is very deadly, eighty to ninety per cent. of the persons attacked dying of the disease, which in such cases is usually conveyed from man to man by inhaling sputum atomised into the atmosphere by the patient when coughing. In one case in Japan a girl with pneumonic plague infected some eight persons, including nurses and physicians, and all of these persons died

of pneumonic plague. The usual form of plague is bubonic, with a certain amount of septicæmia, and it is usually flea-conveyed. The buboes occur usually in the inguinal or axillary lymph glands, according as the germs have effected an entry into the body either through the skin of the leg or arm.

Those desiring further information regarding recent progress in the study of plague can scarcely do better than to read the



BACILLUS PESTIS IN BLOOD.  
(Septicæmia.)



BACILLUS PESTIS IN SPUTUM.  
From a case of pneumonic plague. Note the large number of bacilli present.

reports of the Indian Plague Commission, which have appeared in the Journal of Hygiene (Cambridge University Press), Vols. VI. to X.

THE ULTIMATE SOURCE OF PLAGUE.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—It is somewhat remarkable that, so far as I have seen, no reference has been made in any of the numerous articles which have recently appeared in connection with the existence of plague-infected rats in Suffolk to the ultimate source of the disease. It is true, indeed, that this has nothing to do with the infection in East Anglia, but it is nevertheless a matter of very considerable interest. The steppes of Eastern Europe and parts of Siberia are the home of a burrowing rodent locally known as the bobac, but commonly called by naturalists the bobac marmot (*Arctomys bobac*), on account of its being a larger relative of the true marmot of the Alps. Both these rodents are members of the squirrel family, and live socially in large warrens. Naturally, such underground warrens are by no means the sweetest places imaginable, so that they might be hotbeds of infectious disease. Now, as the result of observation and experiment, Russian naturalists are of opinion that not only is the bobac the original source of plague, but that it keeps up a permanent supply of plague germs, which from time to time are communicated to rats by means of bobac fleas, and again passed on to man by means of rat fleas. According to this view, the eradication of plague from the world might be accomplished by the extermination of the bobac and such other kinds of marmot as may be proved to be plague-breeders. Apart from the difficulty, if not impossibility, of exterminating such widely spread and prolific rodents, it has, however, been pointed out by an American naturalist, Mr. H. B. Ward, that any such remedy would most likely be ineffectual, as there are probably other ancient animal centres from which plague epidemics have started, while it has been proved beyond doubt that in California certain North American rodents akin to marmots, and known as ground squirrels or susliks (*Spermophilus*), have become permanently infected with plague, and thus form a new source of supply and dispersal. These American susliks appear to have communicated the disease to human beings in a few instances, although, as Mr. Ward remarks, "the mode of transfer from ground squirrel to man is more difficult to understand. It has been suggested that cattle on the range are the unrecognised factor which provides for the conveyance of infected fleas from ground squirrel to man. Fleas abound in and about ground-squirrel colonies, and the cattle as they range over this territory lie down to rest in and among these colonies. Since fleas quickly desert a dead animal, the cattle will the more readily acquire them in infected areas. Some of the ground-squirrel colonies known to be plague infected are so isolated as to afford only occasional contact with man, yet cattle have been seen grazing near some of these, and may thus furnish the connecting link in transmission." It thus seems, if I understand the matter rightly, that, in the opinion of the Russian naturalists who have made a special study of the subject, and also of Mr. Ward, plague would die out eventually among rats were not fresh infection communicated to them from marmots, and that marmots and other members of the squirrel family are the sole animals in which it is permanent.—R. I. .

THE RAT ALARM . . .  
IN SUFFOLK.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

AS I lived for a considerable number of years in Suffolk, I may claim to have known something about it before running down at the end of last week. It is a county famed, among other things, for its rabbit warrens, and one cannot fail to sympathise with the owners and occupiers of these establishments, who already have incurred considerable loss owing to the alarm caused by the rumour of infected rats having been landed at Ipswich. They are the more to be sympathised with because the year has been a very bad one for rabbits. These rodents generally suffer in a wet season and are now feeling the effects of two such years coming in succession, but the warreners know that this is nothing to do with plague. What happens is understood by everyone that has been in the habit of keeping rabbits. The creatures are compelled to eat more food of a moist description than is good for them, with the result that their livers become swollen and they get colic. The disease, in the common language of the rabbit-keepers, is called pot-belly. Every boy knows that unless he gives his rabbits a due proportion of dry food they will get this disease, and probably die from it. Undoubtedly a very great number of rabbits have suffered this way during the year, and those that have survived are much lighter in weight than they ought to be in November. It is the same with hares. A very considerable number of hares have died. One man told me that on a single morning he found twenty lying dead on his estate. Here, again, there is no question of plague. The hares are simply feeling the usual consequence of a very wet season. Some years ago I tried for purposes of my own to keep hares in a wild condition within a limited area, and paid a good deal for my experience with regard to them. Feeding them with watery vegetables, such as cabbage and turnips, led almost immediately to a serious diminution in their numbers, and part of the ground being rather swampy in character no doubt helped to bring about that very undesirable consummation. Success was attained in the end by draining the wet parts of the fields in which the hares ran, and by feeding with nothing but carrots during the depth of winter. It is very unfortunate that in Suffolk this disease,

common to a wet season, should have broken out at the same time that an alarm of plague had been raised, because in the public mind the two have become confused. In fact, what is most wanted in Suffolk at the present moment is some instruction in the diseases of wild animals. Very few of the farmers whom I consulted believed that the infection of plague could have arrived in a ship. They were much more inclined to attribute it to the condition of some of the Suffolk rivers, which are almost stagnant and polluted to a degree. At least, this was the assertion very freely made. The difficulty about the rats was well understood. It is in the towns and villages that the most determined efforts are being made to get rid of them; but then Suffolk is a county in which the towns, as a rule, are very small and surrounded by agricultural land thickly populated with rabbits. The rat, as is well known, is very quick to take alarm when attempts are made to compass his death. If only a few are caught in traps, the rest will speedily migrate, and when driven out of the villages their habit is to take refuge in the thick hedgerows and in the rabbit-holes. In ferreting rabbits it is one of the commonest of occurrences to cause ferrets to bolt. Of course, if the rat enters the rabbit-holes there is every chance of the flea which is the carrier of the disease germs changing his host, and causing the rabbit to be infected. It is thus possible that disease is being spread, and what gives an air of probability to this are the stories, that are widely current, of ferrets dying after eating the flesh of rats given to them by the gamekeepers or after killing a rabbit in a burrow. What is wanted here is the service of a considerable number of skilled bacteriologists. It would be possible for them to determine at once what was the cause of the ferret's death. At present the argument is simply that the ferret died after eating, say, rat-flesh, but there might be many other reasons. The connection between the two facts does not establish the relationship of cause and effect. The County Council have issued notices requiring that all dead hares, rabbits and rats should either be buried very deeply in the soil or destroyed by fire; but possibly it would be better that before the animals are buried they should, as far as possible, be examined by a skilled bacteriologist. Again, steps should be taken to secure the co-operation of the labouring classes. They do not at all realise the danger. The landlady of a little inn put their case exactly to the writer when she said that if they stopped the sale of rabbits it would spoil many a poor man's dinner. The rabbit is the luxury of the labourer, and it is most important that steps should be taken to show him the danger that exists.

Another point on which agreement appeared to be general was that the Government is not taking a sufficiently initiative policy. The policy of the Board of Agriculture is to encourage what it calls local effort; but local effort can be of very little use unless the localities work together. To drive rats out of the villages into the hedgerows and the rabbit-holes is only to increase their opportunities of infecting healthy rabbits. Of course the Board of Agriculture might very properly argue that hitherto it has looked upon the extermination of the rat as an economic question, whereas it is now a matter concerning the public health, and therefore the special business of the Local Government Board. The Board of Agriculture can make out a good case for exterminating the rat, because the amount of corn and other farm produce that it destroys in the course of a year costs the country more than the most expensive process of extermination would. On that basis it might join the Local Government Board, which hitherto has trusted more to inspection than to anything else. More is wanted at the present moment in the shape of organised effort, and if the Local Government Board in the interests of public health, and the Board of Agriculture in the interests of agricultural economy, would join forces so as to begin a general warfare upon the rat, this would probably be the most satisfactory solution.

There is, of course, the usual tendency to exaggeration, and it has led to many ridiculous suggestions being made. One of these is that cats should be destroyed; but surely no greater mistake could be imagined. The cat and the terrier dog are the rat-catcher's most valuable allies, and the cat especially will find and kill rats where scarcely anything else can approach them. The suggestion is just one of those proposals that are made out of an exaggerated view of the situation. All that is really necessary is for a concerted and well-planned attack to be made on the rats. So far the injury to human beings has been very slight, and by pressing the rats so as to drive them out of any place at which they appear, it is in every way probable that serious consequences may be altogether avoided. What is most necessary is that extreme views should not be taken in either direction. It would be an act of folly to neglect or minimise the peril of an outbreak, but it would be almost greater folly to get into a panic and declare war against all sorts of animals, whether they are helpful or not, with the idea that thereby we are forwarding the cause of health.

It is generally conceded that the multiplication of the rat in Suffolk began in earnest between 1884 and 1894, when agricultural land was practically unletable, and was either kept in hand by the landlord or roughly cultivated by a tenant who in many cases paid no more than was sufficient to meet such outgoings as tithe and land tax. In those days ill-weeds grew apace, the hedgerows thickened with them, and the bottoms of the woods became a tangle where the rats

could romp in ease and liberty. They had plenty of fastnesses if attacked by the rat-catcher with his terriers, and even ferrets were not of much avail against them. They increased and grew fat, and from that day to this have diminished little in the land. They were encouraged by the practice that has grown up in the meantime of building stacks in the open field rather than in the rickyard. These were the granaries whence they drew their food supply.

## THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

THE successes of the Warwickshire Hounds at Peterborough have stamped the pack with the approval of all the best judges of recent years. In some years the kennel fairly swept the board at Peterborough, and the prizes won by Warwickshire hounds must be well over sixty in number. Nor was this simply an occasional success, but was sustained over a long series of years, showing that the kennel had not merely some good hounds, but a first-rate pack. It is always interesting to note the original stock of a famous pack, and the foundation of the Warwickshire was laid in the time of Mr. Shirley of Ettington Park (1822). When Lord Middleton gave up the Warwickshire country they became a subscription pack, and Mr. Shirley bought the Cranbourne Chase hounds and hunted the country with a subscription of two thousand pounds. The sport is said to have been good, but Mr. Shirley was unlucky with his hounds, and when Mr. Barnard (afterwards Lord Willoughby de Broke) took the pack in hand there was plenty of room for improvement. It was about this time that the pack became the property of the country, and it is notable that they were the first subscription pack to rise to great excellence and to become one of the standard sources of foxhound blood for the kingdom. At the present day the Warwickshire rank with the great family packs—Belvoir, Brocklesby and Fitzwilliam—in the minds of all students of foxhound breeding and pedigree. The first Lord Willoughby de Broke and his huntsman, Ned Stevens, made a good working pack in about twelve years, from 1842-54, and put on a number of home-bred hounds. They brought back some of the old Warwickshire sort, possibly descendants of the famous Trojan, from Sir Tatton Sykes's kennel, and used some of the best of Lord Henry Bentinck's, the Belvoir, Brocklesby and Fitzhardinge sires. Thus when the late Lord Willoughby



W. A. Rouch.

TRICKSTER.

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succeeded to the Mastership in 1876 he found in the kennels a capital working pack and a number of bitches combining some of the best strains, which, as we have frequently noted, is a necessary foundation.

It will be found invariably, if we go deep enough into the history of a pack, that there are one or two famous bitches who are, as it were, tap roots of the kennel. And in the case of the Warwickshire, when the late Lord Willoughby de Broke took over the pack there were two or three such bitches, notably Charity, a daughter of Careless (1867), and Nestor. Thus Charity goes back through the Hon. W. North's Castor to Belvoir Comus and through Nestor to Lord

Henry Bentinck's Contest (1848), a hound whose name occurs so frequently in the pedigrees of some of our best strains; and it may be noted that the character of Contest in his work was such as to make his sort peculiarly valuable for the Warwickshire country. Contest was a hard driver, and Warwickshire is a grass country where, unless hounds drive hard, they will never catch a fox. When we talk of the pace of hounds in a grass country, we must recollect that this arises not so much from the fact that scent is better than elsewhere, or that the hounds are actually faster than others, but because scent on old turf is peculiarly vivid and at the same time evanescent. Thus a good hound inclined to drive by nature learns to run hard, in order, as it were, to keep up with the scent. Of these scenting properties Warwickshire may be said to be almost typical, and therefore descendants of hard-running hounds like Contest are peculiarly valuable.

But this was not all. Contest was noted for flying his fences, and since the thorn hedges growing on a rich soil like that of Warwickshire are often impenetrable, it is necessary for hounds to fling themselves over rather than to creep. Again, in a country where the fences are strong and close as they are



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DIOMED.

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in Warwickshire, foxes when half tired will turn very sharply on the far side, and it was not the least of Contest's great qualities that he was particularly noted for never flashing over the line, but, however hard he might be driving, turning short with his fox. Thus Lord Willoughby found in Careless, who combined the valuable working strains of Contest with the quality of Belvoir Comus, who, in his turn, traced back to the Melton Shiner, himself a famous worker over grass and plough. No breeder ever had a sounder judgment or a quicker intuition for the right cross than the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, and in mating Careless's daughter, Charity, with Lord Coventry's Rambler, he may be said, without exaggeration, to have laid the foundation-stone of the success of the Warwickshire kennel at Peterborough and in the hunting-field.

It would take too much space to record the pedigrees and exploits of the famous hounds bred by the late Master of the Warwickshire. There was Talisman, for example, the hound which stands close to Lord Willoughby's horse in the presentation picture. It is said that Talisman never left the Master's horse when hounds were drawing, but as soon as a fox was found his work was great in every phase of the hunt. Talisman's grandson, Tuner, was one of Lord Willoughby's last entry in 1901, and this hound has a most splendid pedigree, showing the judgment with which working strains have been blended in the Warwickshire kennels, for Tuner combined Belvoir Weather-gage, Coventry Rambler and Milton Solomon.

Then if you visited the kennels when Brown was huntsman he would tell you what Sampson could do in the field and how useful he had been to his own and other kennels. And Sampson again combines the same strains of Rambler and Solomon as Tuner, with that of the Pytchley Prompter, a famous son of Mr. Henry Chaplin's Rallywood. There is an excellent and characteristic portrait of Sampson in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for January 23rd, 1904. There is another hound, Pedlar, illustrated in the same article, and what they thought of Sampson and Pedlar in the kennel may best be understood by recalling the fact that Sampson, Pedlar and Tuner were responsible for sixteen and a-half couples of the Warwickshire entry of 1904.

And this brings us to recent years. It is well known that the present Lord Willoughby de Broke is as keen as was his father upon keeping up the standard of the pack. And, naturally, the first hound we turn to is Trickster, and we are at once struck by the look of quality shown by this hound. This he inherits from his father, Traveller, a Peterborough champion and a son of Belvoir Handel, and Tragedy, one of the Warwickshire Cup winners in the bitch class at Peterborough. And through Tragedy he goes back to that fine Warwickshire strain from Wildboy and the Pytchley Prompter to which we have already referred when writing of Sampson. Trickster has also inherited from Traveller and Belvoir Handel the perfect neck and shoulders, which might be taken as a model for these points of a foxhound intended for a grass country. Trickster is absolutely straight, but he has something less than the size and the bone which marked the older generation of Warwickshire hounds. And thus Trickster was defeated at Peterborough in 1910 by Milton Rector, who has all that size of bone and great substance which never fail to catch the judge's eye. And no doubt for a country like the Fitzwilliam, where there is a considerable amount of heavy plough, and where the dog pack are worked in those great woodlands on the Stamford side, scarcely less trying to a hound than heavy plough, Rector is just the type. But for a grass country, with those



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JANITOR.

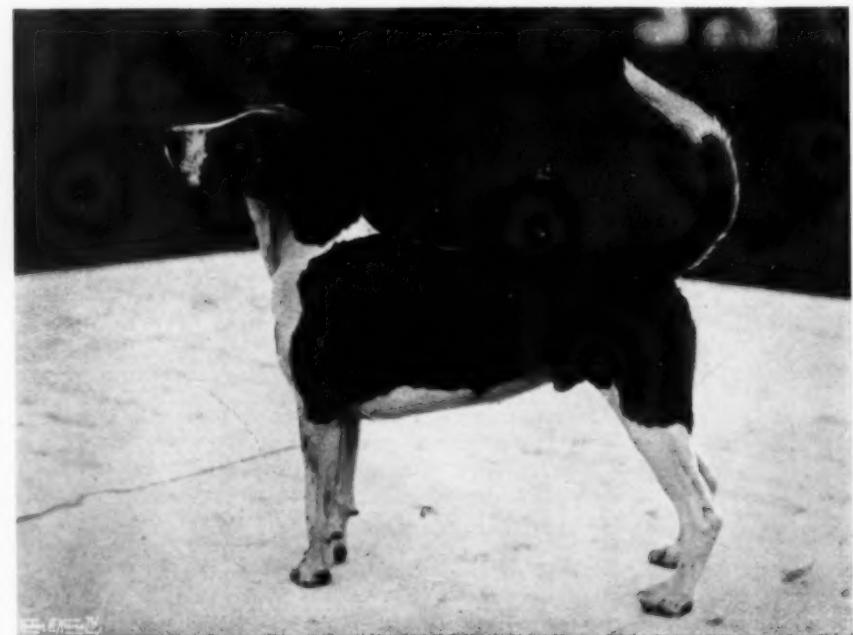
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JASPER.

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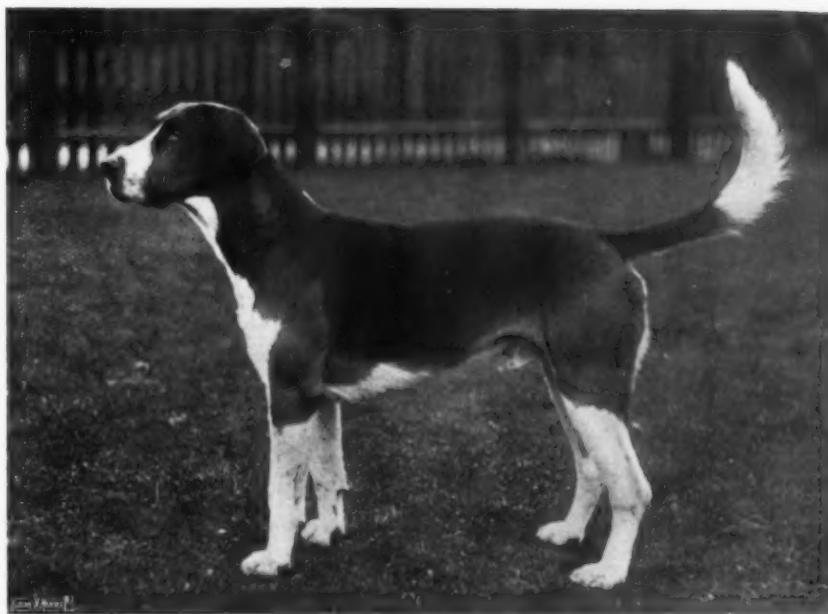
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RENDER.

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characteristics which we have already seen that Warwickshire possesses, Trickster appears to have just the qualities a Master or huntsman desires. His gay carriage, his fine quality, his liberty so well seen in action, make him just the sort of hound to race over the grass, to fling himself with the restrained impetuosity of a highly-bred foxhound who means to drive on the scent as long as it will serve, but not to go on without it. Hounds of this type and of this descent, as those who have used Belvoir Handel know, have that sweeping cast and the bold fling over the fences which we admire so much in our best-bred packs. It is so easy to lose bone and substance that the judges are no doubt right in laying stress upon it; but when it comes to hunting in a grass country, what better could we desire than twenty couple of hounds of Trickster's type? And, indeed, an examination of the rest of our pictures will show that this is the favoured sort of the Warwickshire kennels. Diomed, by Belvoir Smoker out of Dimity, has the same beautiful neck and shoulders and fine quality as Trickster, but is of an even lighter type than that hound. A great many people who were at Peterborough in 1909 will remember the two couple of unentered Warwickshire hounds that won in that class. Render, one of these, is a half-brother of Trickster, a beautiful dark-coloured hound by Traveller out of Regal, and he again represents on both sides the best proved strains of Warwickshire blood. Render is a hound full of character, and has more substance and greater depth through the heart than either Trickster or Diomed. He stands on beautiful legs and feet, and has plenty of liberty.

Of the other hounds illustrated we notice Jasper, only less attractive than those of which we have been writing because he has not posed for his portrait quite so well as the others; but in bone, shoulders, depth through the heart, he has few superiors in the kennel. Janitor, Trimbush and Damper will but confirm to the student of foxhounds the remarks we have made on the type and breeding of these Warwickshire hounds. We have only one portrait of a bitch in this series, but she is a host in herself. Whimper, by Meynell Whynot, out of Accurate, a prize-winner at the puppy show of her year, is a charming bitch to look at, full of Warwickshire quality, to which she is fully entitled by her pedigree, which illustrates two features of Warwickshire breeding that seem to stand out in the history of the rise of this pack. In the first place, Warwickshire has been very fortunate, or rather, we should say, perhaps judicious in the introduction of choice Belvoir strains through some other famous kennel. Thus we find Weathergage coming in through Grafton Gambler, and here we have Belvoir Vagabond through the Meynell Whynot Belvoir, at one remove from the home kennels, seeming thus to be particularly successful for Warwickshire. But there is, of course, another interest in the pedigree of Whynot. We have often referred in *COUNTRY LIFE* to the probability of making a hit in hound-breeding when a strain of our own blood comes back to us from another and perhaps a distant kennel. It seems likely that fresh ground renews and gives vigour to a strain, and thus it is of especial interest to note that Meynell Whynot brings back to the Warwickshire kennels through his dam, South Cheshire Wayward, the blood of old Talisman, one of the greatest of the late Lord Willoughby's triumphs in foxhound-breeding. Looking at the Warwickshire pack as a whole, we note three leading characteristics—the fine quality of the present-day pack, its character, which makes it distinguishable at a glance, and its suitability to the fine country the hounds have to hunt in. X.



W. A. Rouch.

DAMPER.

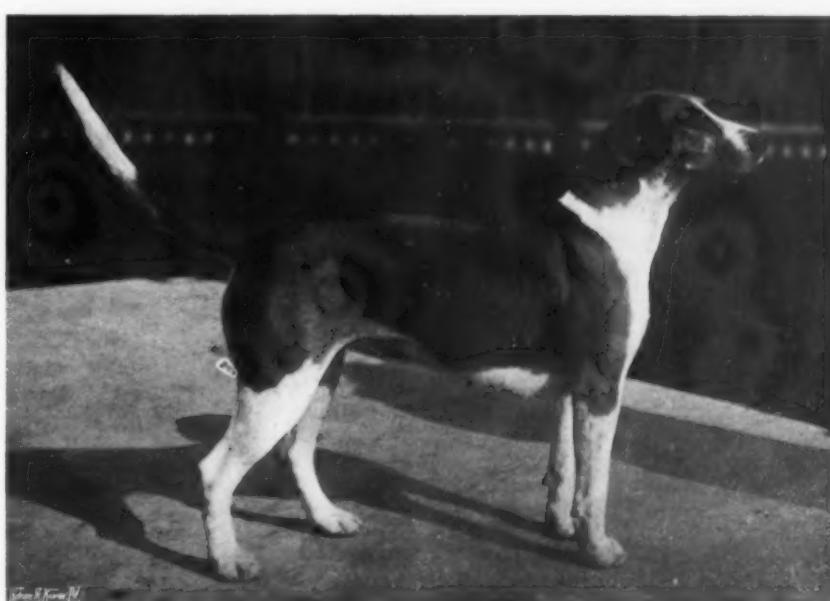
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OLD JACQUES.

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## THE RESCUE OF REBEKAH.

BY  
BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER.



"HERE, come out of that, you young imp! Leave that water-cress alone."

"Oo says?"

His Honour, standing at the top of the bank and looking down at the tousled figure embedded to the knees in cresses far too brightly green for the taste of an epicure, replied to the effect that the order had issued from himself.

"And 'oo are you?"

Possibly the young person looking up at him, her small figure in its frowsy garments black against the background of purple loosestrife and golden tansy on the further bank, might have been twelve years old; but her face in its shrewish shrewdness, in its unchildlike pallor, suggestive of a long acquaintance with foul air and fouler life, forbade the supposition. Her big eyes, black, or as nearly black as eyes ever contrive to be outside the pages of sensational literature, regarded him with a look half humorous, half defiant, wholly contemptuous, not easily to be borne by an elderly gentleman of fine, if full, proportions, who has been accustomed for many years to the lavish obsequiousness of his world, and His Honour made haste to annihilate the intruder.

"I happen to own this pool and the next two or three miles of the stream, which runs through it—at least, I have the fishing rights—also this is my field. I observe that you have left the gate open. Perhaps that will convince you that I am the proper person to forbid your committing a trespass upon these grounds."

"That don't mean that the 'ole show belongs to you—do it?"

His interlocutor had waded in to the bank, and was busy cramming her dripping bundle of cresses into the remains of a basket, a thing reminiscent of rubbish heaps. "Oo give it you?"

"My cousin." His Honour thought it superfluous to explain that the gift had been by inheritance.

"And where did 'e get it, and was it give 'im wiv every little bit o' grass and drop o' water for himself? 'Cause if 'e said so 'e's an old liar, and I don't believe 'im. If all the water and the trees an' everythink belonged to the people as lived there, what 'u'd we do as don't 'ave any? What abaht drinking? Why, we'd 'ave to 'ave beer—so there."

"Upon my word," said His Honour to himself, "the spawn of a Socialist." Aloud he changed the subject. "I suppose you have come with the hop-pickers?"

The young person nodded, drew up a white foot somewhat streaked with mud, and rubbed it up and down her other lean shank with a monkeyish ease and nonchalance, which settled for His Honour the debatable point as to whether it was quite proper for him to stay there and see her doing it.

"I'm at Creddin'ill. A lidy as lives by us, Mrs. 'Eadstone, she brings me down to pick 'ops an' mind 'er biby; but there's a bit too much biby an' a little too few 'ops for me, so I comes aht 'ere for the cresses—the pram's rahnd the cornder; don't fright the kid—and I wheels 'em off into Biddleborough. It p'ys me best."

His Honour stared. The village of Creddenhill was a good two miles away, Biddleborough another three. The child was walking ten miles a day, and pushing a perambulator into the bargain. He had meant to be angry with her, but at this he relented.

"Well! well! Go home now like a good child, and don't let me see you here again." He turned away.

She was sitting on the bank now drawing on a pair of stockings so remarkably sprinkled with holes that her toes perpetually took wrong turnings and came out at unexpected

places, to be jerked in again with an exclamation which struck His Honour as scarcely befitting her tender years, and merely spared time from that employment to put out her tongue.

This was the beginning of their acquaintance. His Honour thought it the end, but in that he was considerably out of his reckoning. He had called her "the spawn of a Socialist," but that was his mistake; her thoughts were clothed in the language of the public-house orator, but their germ was in her gipsy blood. It was impossible for her to believe that wild creatures and wild products belonged to any particular individual, as it had been to any of her forefathers, and they had been no nearer it than is a poaching cat. The only child of her mother's first marriage, for the gipsy husband had disappeared within a year—as to the manner of his going it had never occurred to his daughter to enquire—it was her step-father who had fed and clothed her indifferently badly for the larger portion of her life, and who had changed her name Rebekah into the more homely and comforting pseudonym of "Bacca." Indeed, he needed all the comfort he could obtain: a miserable, knock-kneed wisp of a jobbing tailor, an almost half-witted creature, but honest in the main, who earned by the sweat of more than his brow something—it were exaggeration to call bread—for himself and his brood of gipsy-eyed children. Now and then his wife would return from her life of wandering, but after a few days, or weeks, of maudlin affection, varied by nights of anger and violence, the wander-lust would return upon her and she would go. If the baby of the moment happened to be very immature, as it generally was upon these occasions, she took it with her; if it were able to toddle, she left it behind, and the wretched tailor sat down and wept miserably among the ruins of his home. He was incapable of anything more determined, and his step-daughter, having realised the fact, drove him in her mother's manner, but to better ends. She had appreciated early the fact that it was a man's duty to provide for his dependents, and that when he cannot, or will not, fulfil this duty it falls upon his womankind, an understood thing, however bitterly to be resented; consequently, the tailor being out of work, she had seized her chance of hop-picking as the guardian of "Car'line 'Eadstone's" baby. The other young nurses took things calmly and picked as their charges would permit; but Rebekah Gow was of another type, and overrode circumstance—with the help of the Headstone baby's perambulator and His Honour's watercress. A succession of deliberate lies, persisted in even under the threat of Mr. Headstone's fist, had prevented others of the hop-pickers' children from spoiling her trade, and it was small wonder that she had no intention of abandoning it now at the mild suggestion of such an amiable gentleman as His Honour.

When next he found her retreating from his cress-bed, the perambulator overflowing with her spoil, surprise made His Honour angry, and his wrath made just so much impression upon Bacca that she decided to come earlier for the sake of peace, and because then she need not be encumbered with the baby.

All might have been well, but trampled water-weeds and diminished cresses told their own tale. He laid in wait for her, but in vain. He rose early—disgustingly early, it seemed to him—though in the cool morning light the white mist was creeping away across the meadows, and the air was something never tasted by lie-abed lips. Dewdrops had settled to sparkle upon the spiders' webs in the hedgerow, and in the fields the lush grass was wet and chilled him, making him feel for his handkerchief with sudden apprehensiveness of an approaching cold.

Down in the pool was Bacca, her arms full, her black hair advertising its long divorce from brush and comb in the

straggling locks which emerged from under her frowsy hat. His Honour was cold and cross; I fear that he swore.

Still she was undismayed; she could have beaten him herself at the game, and she ranked merely as a promising amateur among her acquaintances at home.

"Come out at once! I shall take you to the police!"

His Honour frowned, but the young person merely looked contemptuous, though the tail of her eye cast a regretful glance at her basket in danger of a trampling as it lay at his feet.

"You got to ketch me fast, ain't you?"

"I shall catch you as soon as you come out."

"Will you, reely? Didn't it never 'cur to you that the water had another side?"

She waded towards the further bank, but His Honour's blood was up, his feet already wet. He stepped in after her, drew a deep breath as the chill of the water struck through him, remembered that he had no definite idea as to the depth of the pool, cried "Take care!" and at the same moment heard a squeak of surprise from the child, saw her free hand shoot out clutching wildly at a clump of rushes, then her head was under water and she was gone.

His Honour ran on, splashing through the reeds and water-cress as fast as his stately legs would carry him. He might well have paused to ask himself if his life were sufficiently worthless to be risked for the chance of saving one of the thousands such as hers; but, to do him justice, no such idea occurred to him. All the spare portion of his brain was occupied in wondering whether he could still swim. He had not attempted such a thing for years. To him it had hardly seemed consonant with the dignity of a wearer of the silk and horsehair of the law to exhibit himself at some seaside place clad in the scantiest of attire before a company of people similarly arrayed, though probably that point of view would never have presented itself to him if a little, sleek-headed, long-legged boy, who had called him "Farver" something like twenty years ago, had lived to outgrow his childhood and had still wanted "Farver" everywhere. Anyhow, as His Honour pursued his way thigh-deep towards the spot where Bacca's struggles were rapidly propelling her further out into the pool, and when the bottom suddenly forsook him and he plunged into deep water, his principal wonder was as to whether he could swim at all, and, on finding that the accomplishment had not wholly deserted him, as to how long he would be able to keep up. He was elderly, stout, unpractised and rheumatic, and the water was cold also. After he had seized her, Rebekah still continued to struggle like a cat, and would, no doubt, have succeeded in drowning them both. "What a paragraph it will make for the papers!" His Honour thought, as he panted, ears and eyes full of water—had he not by simple good fortune happened to strike out for the side of the pool where the shallows were nearest. There he found foothold, and half carried, half dragged Rebekah to the bank. He stood above her, and though his outer man was cold, his heart grew warm within him. She was only a child, and her trembling, clinging body in its thinness had somehow recalled the boy who had been sleeping beside his young mother in a graveyard miles away beside the Severn, with the Shrewsbury bells chiming over him for the decade in which his father had grown old.

"My dear child"—he stooped to wring a little of the moisture out of the legs of his trousers—"we ought to be very thankful. We have both of us had a very narrow escape, and we are neither of us a penny the worse for it."

For a moment Rebekah Gow stopped spluttering and fixed him with an eye of ineffable scorn, then pointed to where in the centre of the muddy pool among the fragments of broken reeds and water-weeds a black object gradually becoming waterlogged was vanishing from the light of day.

"You silly old fool!" she said. "What's the good of you? You've forgotten my 'at'!"

After a moment of incredulous silence, His Honour laughed. He laughed while he ordered her to go home, laughed while he went home himself, laughed at intervals throughout the day, laughed even to his own great hurt and inconvenience when lumbago laid him low. The local doctor who was called in had never met him before, and considered him a most eccentric old gentleman on the strength of his frequent paroxysms of laughter. The truth was that His Honour was yearning to tell the story of Rebekah's gratitude and couldn't do it, so he fancied, a little conscious of his deserts, without posing as a hero, a thing which he had never practised and for which he had no taste; therefore every time that the story bubbled to his lips he had to choke it down and could not help laughing as he did so, though his physician thought him eccentric and his housekeeper feared that the shock of falling into the pond, which was all he had confessed to, had turned his brain. Indeed, she went so far as to wonder whether the fall itself had not been an ineffectual

effort to commit suicide, until upon the third day of His Honour's illness she received enlightenment.

Mrs. Mackleekum—that was the housekeeper's name—was a very old lady and, moreover, gave many signs of never having been young at all; therefore, when Rebekah Gow waylaid her as she set out to purchase fresh eggs for her sick master, quite confident that neither of the maids could be trusted upon so important a mission, it was no wonder that the gipsy girl, though trying desperately to be polite, jeopardised the success of the attempt at the first remark.

"If yer please, lidy, are you the ole gent's muvver?" she asked.

Mrs. Mackleekum was shocked. She had served her master for many years, and she respected him as infinitely great; moreover, she had never had a child of her own, though she had ruled little Master Alexander with a rod of iron, whose effects it had taken all his father's spoiling to annul, and the man Mackleekum, whose wife she had once been, was but a dwindle thing so far away down the long perspective of her past that, excepting for purposes of argument, she was apt to consider herself a maiden lady. She was, moreover, a very old-fashioned woman. To her servants were servants and gentry were gentry, in spite of the Board Schools; also Bacca's question touched her shrewdly upon the raw in respect to her age; therefore she enlightened her with much acerbity as to her mistake, and concluded by asking her what affair it was of hers.

"Keep yer 'air on, ole lidy. I 'adn't seen 'im abaht the last two or free days, though I've been up 'ere lite enough, and I kinder thought that gettin' in the water after me 'e might 'a' ketched a caugh or somethink o' that."

"After you? What do I see and hear?" cried the housekeeper with a pleasing reversion to hymn-book phraseology. "So it was such as you, was it, that His Honour Judge Alexander Kirkman had to risk his precious life for and got such a turn of plumbago as never was? You wicked gel! You'll repent of this if 'e never leaves 'is bed again till 'e departs it to join 'is dear wife that was an' his little boy among the saints in glory. Get away with you!"

Too crushed even to put out her tongue, Rebekah got away accordingly. She had not comprehended the whole of the housekeeper's tirade, but had gathered from it, quite unfoundedly, that His Honour was in danger of losing his life, and the thought well-nigh broke her heart. In all their little skirmishes by the pool he had seemed to her to be so particularly gentle that, apart from the commercial side of the matter, it had almost been a pleasure to quarrel with anyone in such a friendly way, and her heart was sore within her at the knowledge that he lay ill.

Two or three days later His Honour got up, a paler, but very little thinner, man. The sun was shining brightly; but for the corn sheaves not yet carried in the adjoining meadows it might have been a June day. Mrs. Mackleekum having duly tyrannised over him until he put on an overcoat, he went out into the garden, wandered down the lawn and through the shrubbery, looked meditatively at the roses giving their second crop with a prodigality of sweetness more noticeable even than in the summer, wandered out to the gate and looked back at the gabled house and wondered, as he often did, how little Alexander would have liked this inheritance of his had he lived to be a man. So musing, he turned into the lane and nearly ran into someone proceeding slowly in the opposite direction. It was Rebekah Gow. She had been dirty when he first saw her, now she was dirtier, ragged; but then her rags were dry, now they were wet and stuck with dead leaves and grass as though she had slept through last night's storm under a hedge. Before she had been thin; now she looked half-starved, neglected; but someone now had paid her the attention of giving her a black eye.

"You—" she began, and faltered. "I thought you was goin' to kick the bucket. The ole lidy wouldn't tell me. She's sent me awiy twice't, but I was goin' to take yer these!"

His Honour chuckled, for "these" were a bunch of his own water-cresses.

"What's the matter with your eye?"

"Charley 'Eadstone 't me one. They all went back the d'y afore yesterday an' e got that mad because I wouldn't go! I went an' id 'mong the trees. Seems I was a bit of a fool; if I'd known you was all right I might 'ave gone."

His Honour stopped laughing somewhat abruptly. He had sacrificed a few days of health for this child, and he could never have been quite indifferent to her again, and the self-sacrifice, as it is wont, having made him think of her, he had cherished vague plans of seeking her out and doing something for her; but she had endured blows for him, and quite involuntarily he took off his hat and stood bareheaded, looking down

at the child. Had Mrs. Mackleekum seen her master thus exposing his head to the air, courting, in her opinion, chills and rheumatic affections innumerable, not to mention sunstroke and sudden death from heat apoplexy, she would, no doubt, have been angry and astonished, but not with one fractional part of

the astonishment that she felt when, some ten minutes later, His Honour, pausing at her kitchen door, pushed gently in, his hand upon her shoulder, a little dirty, half-fainting beggar brat and told her, "This is Rebekah Gow, Mrs. Mackleekum ; she has come to stay."

## A DAY WITH THE BIG HAWKS.

**A**LTHOUGH the parts of Salisbury Plain which are most suitable for hawking are becoming woefully circumscribed by the encroachments of the War Office, it is still possible to see there some flights at game which would not have disgraced the best falconers of olden times. And the long-continued fine weather

with the line of beaters extending to right and left of him, that her eagerness for the fray is most clearly apparent. Her yellow eyes—so different in their colour and expression from those of the long-winged hawks—scan the ground ahead with a keen and threatening glance. Her strong feet, with their formidable great black claws, grip the glove on which



PARTRIDGE HAWKING.

of the present autumn has enabled the few owners of highly-trained peregrines and goshawks to render an excellent account of the very robust partridges and hares to be found in that open country. The scenes represented in the accompanying illustrations were enacted only a few weeks ago, when a brilliant sunshine favoured the operations of a photographer who accompanied us, when a big bag was made both at winged and ground game. The very large and strong Norwegian goshawk, with whom we began the day, bids fair, if she can be flown throughout the season, to equal, or even possibly eclipse, the feat of the famous Gaiety Girl, who took no fewer than sixty hares in one year. The appearance of this fine hawk as she stands on the bow-perch is very successfully given by the illustration. Clean moulted, with the adult plumage and in the pink of condition, she looks like the embodiment of active vigour and determination. But it is in the field, as she is being carried by the falconer,

she stands with a firm, tenacious grasp. One may read in her very attitude and look the assurance that no sort of mercy will be shown to such unlucky victims as may once be seized by the powerful weapons with which Nature has provided her.

Silently, and in close order of march, as compared with the long line extending on either side when a peregrine is flown, we walk the stubbles and then a big patch of long grass, and get to a big field of swedes, very thick and vigorous and wet with dew in spite of the unusually dry weather of September. And

no loud shout is raised, even when a full-grown hare, bounding and rushing with a speed worthy of his Wiltshire breeding, starts away up wind and up hill. With raised and outstretched arm the falconer casts her off towards the fast-vanishing quarry. How different is her manner of flying from that of the falcons! A few flaps of the great rounded wings, beating with no great appearance of hurry, and then a glide through the air with extended



CALLED TO THE FIST.

and motionless pinions. Then another eight or ten strokes, succeeded by a similar short interval. She is gaining ground on the hare, but not rapidly. The adverse wind retards her, whereas it makes little or no difference to the speed of the hare. Moreover, the rising ground gives an advantage to the latter over his winged pursuer even more marked than it does against a greyhound. The hare got up with a start of some forty yards. And when a hundred yards have been traversed that distance has only been reduced by about ten or fifteen. And already the hawk almost looks as if she were tiring and losing heart. Another fifty yards and the distance between the two has not been sensibly reduced. And then, to our disgust, the goshawk plainly slacks off in her efforts, and presently takes perch ignominiously on the ground, leaving the hare to go on his way rejoicing. We, who are unaccustomed to the ways and whims of that species of hawk, feel very small, and look with some contempt at our warrior, from whom we expected better things.

There is nothing for it but to wait while the unsuccessful hawk is taken up and then recommence our march in a rather unhopeful way. The falconer walks forward, but without swinging any lure. Only, as he gets near to the place where the hawk stands in sullen mood, he stretches out his left hand towards her, and with something that may be attractive to her held in his other hand, keeps, as it were, tapping the extended glove. This device is evidently well understood, and soon produces its desired effect. When the man is within twenty yards or so of the hawk she starts, and with rather a heavy movement flies towards him. The last few yards of her flight are accomplished with motionless wings, and she lands with considerable force and speed upon the outstretched fist. Are we to regard this failure as a sign that we shall do no good with this hawk to-day? Not at all. We re-form in marching order, and the expression on the faces of the owner of the hawk and his falconers is hardly, if at all, less hopeful than it was at starting. Nor is it long before the reason for their cheerfulness is forthcoming. The same field of swedes contains another hare, quite as big and strong as the last which escaped. But this time we are walking down wind, and the ground is level. Accordingly, when the goshawk starts, she seems to have no difficulty in overhauling her quarry. The wind, amounting to a stiff breeze, takes her along at quite a good pace. But as we narrowly watch her movements we see that as she gets near to the hare she does not steer a course direct for him, but rather to the left side, as if she were intending to pass by him. Then, when she seems to be almost exactly level with him, with a sudden turn to the right she comes at him with her full



THROWN OFF AT A HARE.

force, knocking him entirely off his legs with a blow which apparently strikes him either on the head or neck or more probably both. But the impetus which the body of the hare has on it carries him forward, so that his head butts the ground, while the back and the hindquarters fly over it with a complete somersault, whirling with them the whole body of the hawk as they go, so that for the fraction of a second the pursued is on the top of the pursuer. But the fierce grip of the bird's left foot has not been lost, and, as the balance of power is restored and the two combatants turn "right side up" again, another and decisive move is made on the part of the attack. While the four strong claws of the hawk's foot remain firmly fixed on the hare's head, a stroke or two of her wings carries her forward and sideways again, so that the captive is once more thrown down, not by a blow this time, but by a dragging force which seems well-nigh sufficient to dislocate the neck.

It is practically all over now. The violent kicks which the prostrate hare makes

strike the empty air instead of the solid ground. But these are more like the spasmodic efforts of a body from which the life has already been suddenly taken. The faculties of the victim are, in effect, paralysed, whereas the victor, with outstretched wings and tail firmly pressed against the ground, has steadied herself in her position of vantage, and is on the alert to repress and frustrate any fresh effort which may be made to throw her off. And in a few seconds the falconer is at her side, and with his sharp-pointed knife gives the *coup de grace* to the already more than half-senseless hare.

It is the turn of the peregrines now, and we look forward with a new interest to a flight which is as different from that we have just seen as salmon-fishing is to angling for pike or barbel. The tiercel which is to be flown first is an old hawk, twice moulted and now in his third moult. As he stands hooded on the falconer's fist we cannot help admiring his clean-cut shape, the broad white expanse of throat and upper breast, the delicate bars of dark grey running across his lower body and thighs, the gold-coloured legs and feet. A covey has been marked down in the swedes, and his hood is at once removed. Off he goes down wind, flying far and low, till the more inexperienced among us are inclined to fear that we shall never

see him again. On and on he goes, for more than a quarter of a mile, and then turns and begins to breast the air. But still he mounts slowly and in a leisurely way, as if making trial of his wings in a sort of preliminary canter before turning his attention to the more serious business. Two or three irregular circles are made at quite a long distance from us, and then he comes sailing across the sky up-wind at a height of three or four hundred



"TAKING UP."

feet. Coming right overhead, he for the first time spreads his wings and holds them motionless as he swings round, only to set them in motion again with rapid strokes as he goes up to greater heights. We are walking rapidly to the place where we expect to find the birds. But they have run a long way and got up on the extreme left, while the tiercel is now on our right. "Hullo, hullo!" "Ha, ha!" A loud shout is raised to attract the hawk's attention; but before it has had time to reach his ears he is aware that the critical moment has come. With increased rapidity he wings his way from our extreme right towards where the covey of five is skimming over the turnip-tops. Then in a long slanting stoop he shoots down like an arrow, but not directly at the birds. No, when he is within quite a few feet of the ground he is at least twenty yards in the rear of the fast-flying covey. But the impetus of his long descent has caused the speed with which he goes to be more than double as good as that of the partridges. Gliding along with still half-closed wings, it is with an upward movement that he closes in upon the one bird which he has singled out as his victim. As he rushes up and past one or more of his talons take firm hold of the wing and shoulder of the partridge. The speed of his flight is retarded, but not by a great deal. Still he rises in the air, though burdened with a weight not much inferior to his own. Then, floating downwards in an oblique line, he deposits his quarry on the neighbouring ploughed field, where the under-falconer goes to take him up.

The next to fly is a passage falcon, now in her second moult. She goes up without much preliminary cruising about, and



GOSHAWK IN "YARAK."

remains well over us at a portentous height. We put up a single very fast-flying old bird. But she scoops him up before he has gone a hundred yards, with that appearance of ease which is so remarkable in passage hawks. Then another tiercel is unhooded and thrown off. But this time the birds have been incorrectly marked, or else have run an unconscionable distance. While searching for them we are obliged to keep the hawk on the wing for an unreasonable time. For more than ten minutes he remains waiting on, as staunch as anyone could wish. But gradually his circles grow wider and more erratic. And at last, as he is at the far end of one of them, his course bends away from us instead of to us. Then those who have field-glasses can see that he is, in the falconer's phrase, "flying." That is,

he is in pursuit of something. On he goes towards a valley where there are big trees, beyond which we can see nothing. Into these trees he has probably driven a wood-pigeon. But why, then, does he not come back to the swinging lure? The most probable answer is that he has sighted another pigeon



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR QUARRY.

on the other side, and has straightway gone on in pursuit of it, and killed in some place beyond our ken.

We spend a full hour searching about for traces of him, but without any result. To-morrow morning at dawn the falconers will be out scouring the country in quest of the wanderer, who must for once be left out for the night. After luncheon we fly the same falcon and tiercel again—twice each—and also another tiercel, wild-caught in Ireland a year ago. The fortunes of the afternoon are various. One tiercel disappears for half-an-hour, but ultimately comes into the lure. One partridge escapes by flopping down into the swedes just as the falcon is about to catch hold, and on being dislodged repeats the same performance. When again routed out he is near enough to a thick covert to be able to reach it before the falcon has had time for a stoop. Another is cut over by a tiercel's foot, which failed to get a fair hold of him, and falls on a small bank covered with long, tufty grass. We are just able to find flights enough to satisfy the three peregrines before the sun sets and the light becomes too bad to continue operations.

ÆSALON.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE GOLDEN EAGLE IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

WHILE staying recently on a shooting in the far north of Sutherlandshire I had various opportunities of observing pretty closely the flight of this grand bird. Golden eagles are certainly more abundant in the Scottish Highlands than they used to be, and on some estates the keepers have orders not to destroy them. Before the great Highland proprietors awoke to the fact that their moorlands and mountains were valuable assets and could command profitable rentals, eagles must have been very plentiful. Sir William Jardine, writing many years ago, says in his work on natural history, "From March 1831 to March 1834, in the County of Sutherland alone, 171 old birds (eagles), with 33 young and eggs, were destroyed." The wholesale destruction of all predatory creatures, furred and feathered, which inaugurated the letting of grouse moors in Scotland, naturally affected the life history of eagles, as of buzzards, peregrines, harriers, ravens and other birds of prey. There has within the last score of years been some kind of reaction, and eagles, as I have pointed out, are now here and there awarded some measure of protection. Some owners like to see a pair of these magnificent raptorial wheeling and circling about their mountains, and certainly, from the picturesque point of view, any

kind of wild and savage scenery is adorned by the presence of this king of birds. But it is to be admitted that such protection means a certain amount of self-denial, and, as a rule, it can only be carried out where the ground has been cleared of sheep and deer forests exist. A pair of eagles must in the course of the year levy a very considerable toll upon mountain hares, ptarmigan, grouse, rabbits and even occasional fawns of the red deer, and the rental of the shooting must necessarily suffer to this extent. It is, therefore, an act of considerable self-restraint to allow even a single pair of golden eagles to have free range over a Highland estate. Where sheep exist there must always be a difficulty; eagles cannot be prevented from preying on lambs, and farmers will seldom tolerate them. Sutherlandshire is to this hour one of the very wildest and remotest parts of Britain; some of the shooting-lodges lie from thirty-two to fifty-six miles from the nearest railway station; the land is poor and mountainous, and, except in certain localities, fitted neither for cultivation nor for the successful rearing of sheep. Deer forests occupy a considerable acreage of the county. Here, then, is a country extremely well adapted as a home and haunt of the golden eagle. In these wild solitudes a few pairs still have their abiding-places, and during the month of September last I had the extreme pleasure of watching the proceedings of one of them.

#### THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE.

The pace of an eagle's flight is, beyond all doubt, extraordinarily swift, especially when the bird is intent on passing from one hunting-ground to another. But there is, doubtless, a good deal of exaggeration in the estimate that these raptorial can achieve an occasional speed of one hundred and forty miles an hour. That these birds can with ease accomplish well over sixty miles an hour I am, however, pretty certain. On September 15th I was with my shooting host on the summit of the precipitous mountain where the pair of eagles I have mentioned made their home. From the rugged crag of granite where we sat and lunched one of the grandest views in Scotland lay stretched before us. Crest upon crest of wild mountain lay spread to the south, east and west. On the north-west Cape Wrath boldly met the sea-line, while turning the eye northward over the flat plains of Caithness, Dunnet Head formed a notable landmark. Out to seaward, beyond Dunnet, fully fifty miles from where we stood, the remote Orkneys could be plainly discerned. Just as we had finished lunch the eagles came floating through the clear air in our direction. One of them approached us closely, and through a powerful glass I had a splendid view of his form and feathering, and could note the wonderful ease with which the great bird maintained its hold upon the air and adapted its flight to every shift of the wind. Then suddenly, as if by a joint impulse, the two eagles stretched away from our mountain range to that of Ben Hope, which towered five or six miles distant. With scarcely an effort they drifted at amazing speed high over the wide valley between, and were over Ben Hope in what seemed an incredibly short space of time. They could certainly not have been more than three minutes in accomplishing this distance. What I saw on this and other occasions convinced me that a golden eagle can, when put to it, compass with ease the pace of more than sixty miles an hour.

#### RIGHT AND LEFT AT EAGLES.

The keeper on this Sutherlandshire estate, a capable and well-informed man, and a close observer of Nature, gave me some interesting information concerning the habits of these and others of the wild fauna of the district. Not long since he was on a neighbouring estate, where a pair of eagles had become extremely troublesome to the lambs and sheep, so much so that it was determined to destroy them. He went up on the hill one day and came suddenly, at quite close quarters, on the pair, which were engaged in feasting on a dead carcase. He had nothing but a shot-gun in his hand loaded with No. 5 cartridges. However, he put his gun up, fired both barrels and had the extraordinary luck to bring down both birds. A right and left at golden eagles is, I imagine, a feat not very often accomplished, especially with No. 5 shot. It seems a pity to have slain these grand birds; but where, as I have said, sheep and lambs exist and the eagles become troublesome, the farmers—rightly enough from their point of view—will not tolerate these marauders. My friend the keeper told me of another curious incident with these birds. He saw an eagle strike down and secure a grouse. Then, picking up the dead bird and carrying it up to a good height in the air, it suddenly released it. Allowing the dead quarry to fall for some distance, the eagle stooped again with marvellous swiftness and easily secured its prey before it reached the ground. This curious act was apparently nothing but pure playfulness on the part of a bird which owes much of its reputation to the singular majesty and stateliness of its demeanour. I have purposely refrained from giving the precise habitat of the pair of eagles of which I have written, for the reason that I do not wish them to be robbed of their clutch of eggs next spring by some rapacious collector.

#### NESTING OF GREY-LAG GEESE.

On a certain loch not far from the mountain of the eagles—a loch which I had the pleasure of fishing on several occasions—there is an island where wild grey lag geese are in the habit of nesting. This islet is known by the Gaelic name of Eilean Mòr, and has long been a favourite resort of these birds. It is to be remembered that the grey-lag is the only one of our wild geese which breeds in Britain, and that, owing to the increase of civilisation and the rapacity of egg-collectors, its nesting haunts are growing year by year more circumscribed. At the present day this bird breeds only, and that in steadily decreasing numbers, in the Counties of Sutherland, Caithness and Ross, as well as in the Hebrides, where among the outer islands it suffers less from persecution. A year or so back a pair or two of grey-lags nested on the Eilean Mòr. Unfortunately, an egg-collector got wind of the fact and robbed the nests of, I believe, the only two full clutches. The keeper and others heard of the robbery, and the man was brought before a local court. He was fined two pounds per egg, but, having got off with his booty, was afterwards heard to remark that the two clutches were cheap at the price. While this sort of thing goes on constantly year after year it is no wonder that our rarer birds find it more and more difficult to rear their young, even in the remotest parts of these islands. The egg maniacs who pursue their nefarious and unlawful calling care neither for the laws protecting the birds nor for the wishes of those owners of property who are doing all in their power to conserve rare species. It is a mean and miserable business, and one can scarcely say things hard enough of the folk who steal eggs in this manner, well knowing that owners and keepers—I mean, of course, honest keepers—are particularly anxious to secure the successful nesting of such birds. Of course, bribery is freely employed by the egg-snatching fraternity (many of them, unfortunately, wealthy men), and I have known cases where the nest of the golden eagle has been robbed by collusion, although both parties—keeper and egg-collector—well knew that the owner of the property was most anxious that the birds should bring off their young.

#### PTARMIGAN.

There were a good many ptarmigan on the mountain of which I have spoken. One would suppose that with a couple of eagles making their home on the same stony altitude these game-birds would be scarcely able to maintain existence. That they did exist, and that apparently pretty cheerfully, I can testify. The birds in September were still in their mottled coats, and so soon as they took to the grey, lichen-patched rocks were absolutely invisible to the eye, even at a distance of twenty yards. Even the eagle, with its marvellously keen vision, must find it a difficult matter to "spot" these birds, so wonderfully does their colouring blend with the rocks to which they betake themselves. In winter, when they have assumed their garb of white, they are equally difficult to make out on a field of spotless snow. Already, when I saw them, the ptarmigan had begun to pack; the sight of a party of twenty or thirty of these birds in flight, glancing round an angle of the mountain, their white wings flashing in the sunlight, was extremely interesting, and, one may add, extremely beautiful. The ptarmigan, like the red deer and the eagle, fits so exactly the wild and savage landscape in which Nature has ordained that it shall pass its life.

#### THE SAD HISTORY OF THE HONEY BUZZARD.

Until 1860 or 1870 the honey buzzard managed to breed and even occasionally to rear its nestlings in various parts of England. The mania for collecting rare British eggs, which has been steadily growing for the last sixty years, practically put an end to the history of this bird as a nesting species in Britain. Collectors got to know that a few pairs bred in the New Forest annually. A feverish quest was soon set on foot. Mr. Howard Saunders has told us that about this time five pounds became the standard price for a couple of well-marked "British" eggs of this species, while as much as forty pounds was paid for a pair of old birds with their nestlings. This shameful harring soon put an end to the honey buzzard as a regular breeding bird in this country. It is possible, I think, that here and there in very remote woodlands a pair of these birds may attempt to nest; possibly now and again eggs may be laid, and the young even hatched out. Young birds were reported from the New Forest in 1895. But the odds are terribly against them, and one can scarcely claim for this fine and curious buzzard that it is now a breeding species in these islands. It is rather hard, and not a little disgusting, that the scarcity of this and other rare species should be attributable to the people who pose as collectors and ornithologists, some of whom are even regarded as authorities upon the very creatures which they have done so much to harr out of existence.

H. A. BRYDEN.

## PONY LIFE IN THE NEW FOREST.

THE New Forest is, I think, without question the best field for the study of the problems of pony-breeding in this country. Its situation, its climate and pasturage, and, above all, the peculiar laws and customs of the Forest life, make it an incomparable field for the study of pony-breeding. And, first, because of its situation. The New Forest has been for centuries a refuge for horses that have escaped from confinement, and there are thus a very large number of varieties of blood in the veins of the New Forest pony. For we may sketch the origin and early history of these herds of half-wild ponies with tolerable certainty in the following manner: First, in prehistoric times, or, at all events, in days of which the records are scanty and uncertain, we have the original pony of this country. And this is no bad stock to begin from, for our native blood is as certainly one of the sources from which our incomparable thorough-breds take their origin as it is of the New Forest pony. We can see by looking at the map what a refuge for stray horses in troublous times has been the New Forest. Even now there are solitary glades and deep recesses in the Forest in which ponies may spend a great part of their lifetime, escaping altogether the notice of men. There is, then, no difficulty in believing the truth of the story that, when the cause of Charles I. was a lost one, many of the Cavaliers turned their horses loose to prevent their falling into the hands of Cromwell's men, and that thus the stock of horses in the Forest received a considerable addition of valuable blood. These horses would, of course, be weeded out by the influences of climate and pasturage. The climate of the New Forest, though mild on the whole, is sufficiently severe to weed out the weaklings among its horses. The summer pasturage is excellent in a good year, but is probably more deficient in the winter than any other of our mountain and moorland pony ranges. Thus an unusually severe winter comes very hardly on the ill-nourished ponies, and I have heard it said that the Deputy-Surveyor has sent out to bury as many as sixty at one time. The survivors are naturally the hardiest, and those that are eliminated by this stern law of natural selection are not really of value to such a breed of ponies, the most necessary quality for which is that they should survive. But not only climate and pasturage, but also the customs of the Forest have a great influence on the character of the New Forest pony. The New Forest is Crown property, administered and regulated by Crown officials, whose rule is tempered and modified by the rights of the commoners. The commoners, among whose privileges that of turning out ponies into the Forest is one of the most valuable, have preserved and improved the ponies because they have had a use for them, and have developed one of the most serviceable small-holders' draught horses that can be imagined. They have certain rights as well, of cutting fern

and gathering wood, and, indeed, either for themselves or for the Crown, each season of the year brings some occupation for the foresters and their ponies. Harnessed to a light and serviceable truck, moving quickly and able to draw a considerable load, the New Forest pony on his native heath is a hard-working and useful animal. Besides this there is a ready sale at prices that vary from three pounds to eight pounds, for the best of the young stock, for children's ponies and light draught. The distinguishing feature of the New Forest pony is his quality, and this, perhaps, he owes partly to the fostering care of the Crown, which has at different periods in the Forest's history supplied stallions of a higher class than those bred on the Forest for the use of the foresters. The Duke of Cumberland sent Marske to the New Forest, and the Prince Consort in later years placed one or two of the Royal Arabs at New Park. Ponies of this quality were not altogether a success at the time. The first generation were weedy, and most of them unable to withstand the starvation and exposure of forest life. But it would be rash to infer that these infusions of finer blood were of no value because their produce failed in some cases to please the commoners or to survive the climate. To this day we see upon the Forest large numbers of flea-bitten greys, with a most distinct appearance of Eastern quality. And while judging the Forest ponies for five successive years at their annual shows,

association, has placed upon the Forest a number of Welsh stallions of the famous Dyoll Starlight family and an excellent bay which combines the blood of Hermit with an Exmoor strain. The result of these efforts is clearly perceptible in the continuous and steady improvement of the quality of the stock exhibited at the show held annually at Burley on the August Bank Holiday. It was a matter of common remark by those who were present at the show of 1910 that the quality of the young stock was the best that had ever been seen. This is the result of judicious crossing and favourable opportunity, for the Forest has enjoyed two mild winters in succession, and the pasturage has been unusually good in consequence.

The success of these stallions shows us another important truth. The commoners have often said that it was useless to turn out good ponies because there were bad ones still remaining on the Forest; but it is quite clear from the type of young stock prevailing that in most cases the best stallions more than hold their own in the conflicts which are a standing incident of the Forest life of the ponies. I heard an amusing instance of this when riding over the Forest last year. A beautiful little Welsh pony turned out by Lord Lucas had established himself in the Forest and rounded up a nice herd of mares. Presently there appeared one of the pests of the Forest, the sort of coarse, common pony not quite bad enough to be excluded, and about



IN THE NEW FOREST.

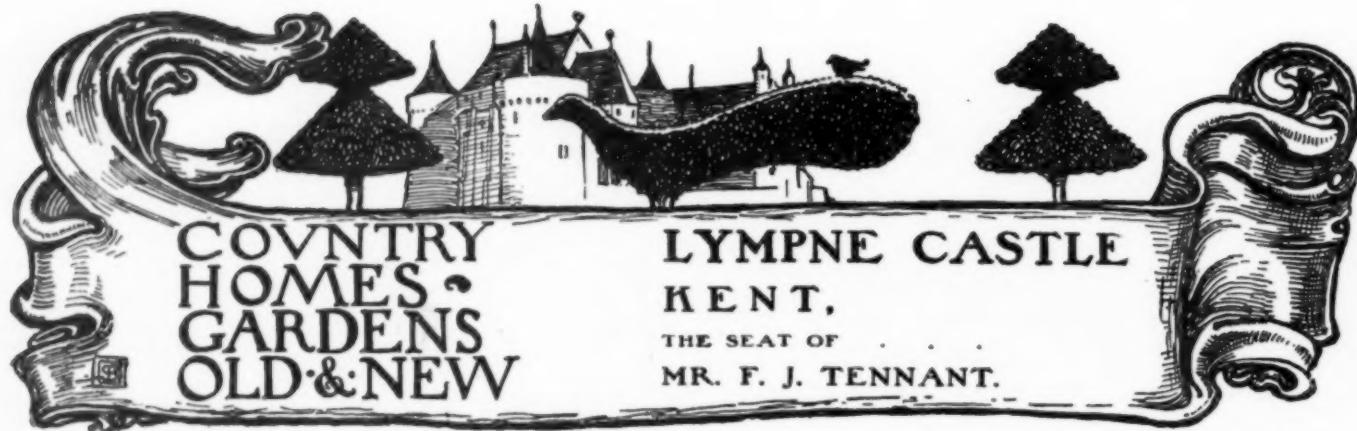
I have never failed to see among the prize-winners one or more grey mares of a rare stamp and quality. Worn by hard work, ragged from hard living, these mares appeal to the eye of the lover of good stock by their unmistakable character and quality.

Of late years a further admixture of foreign, but not alien, blood has been brought into the Forest under the auspices of the New Forest Association. A great step forward was made when Lord Arthur Cecil, convinced by lifelong study of mountain and moorland ponies that all the different breeds have a common origin, determined to bring new blood into the Forest and at the same time avoid alien out-crosses by turning out stallions of other mountain and moorland breeds. He has successively placed upon the Forest Exmoor, Highland and Rum ponies. Of these the last-named have proved to be a valuable cross, bringing in the size—which, I may remark, in a pony is independent of his height—the bone and substance of the Highland pony, whose value as a trooper horse the experience of Lord Lovat's Scouts and of Lord Tullibardine's Scottish Horse has amply proved. It has been often said that the second cross of Eastern blood is more valuable than the first, and this the Highland pony has from his Spanish ancestors, which, I may remark in passing, did not swim ashore from the Spanish Armada, but were imported in the ordinary way. Following in Lord Arthur's footsteps, Lord Lucas, who succeeded him as president of the

half as big again as the little Welshman. With his ears laid back and neighing out threats and defiance, the intruder galloped up expecting an easy victory over his small antagonist. But matters turned out quite differently. Rare courage and power, derived from a long line of hardy ancestors, were packed into the Welshman's small frame. Without a moment's hesitation he made straight for the big pony, knocked him clean off his legs and planted two or three sounding kicks on his prostrate antagonist, who, scrambling to his feet, made off in the direction from which he had come, hotly pursued by the gallant little Welshman.

It will be seen that in the modern New Forest pony a great number of strains of blood are mingled; but I would note that, granting the common origin of our native breeds and bearing in mind that they all have undoubted strains of Eastern blood, the breed, though mixed, is a combination of kindred strains. And we can see the immense influence of environment upon the horse, because, no matter what cross we introduce, in two or three generations their descendants assume the undoubted and unmistakable character belonging to the Forest-bred pony. Nor are these characteristics very external, for the courage, hardihood and diversity which the history of the New Forest tells us have always been distinguishing marks of its ponies are still to be found now as in bygone days.

X.



If we were Dan and Una, Lympne is just the place where Puck would meet us as we walk up the dusty road from Westenhanger Station to the castle, and, more, we should agree with Tom Shoesmith that "the world's divided like into Europe, Ashy, Afriky, Ameriky, Australy an' Romney Marsh." As we stand on the paved terrace in the shadow of the castle's western tower and look out over that same marsh, we may perhaps steal Mr. Kipling's pregnant fancies and see Parmesius, the Centurion of the Thirtieth, standing down the hill by the camp of Portus Lemanis and the Roman fleet riding at anchor where now grows the lush grass of the marshes. Truly Lympne is a place to tease the imagination, to lure us into the dusty corridors of forgotten history. Dry-as-dust has been busy with Studfall Castle, as they call it now, the camp the Romans built a mile or so from the shore when the Portus Lemanis silted up and ceased to be one of the great entries into Britain, but we need not dig too deeply into his researches. Studfall is down the hill from Lympne, a few broken walls and scattered stones wrecked by a long-forgotten landslip. It was the work of Romano-British marines, not only builders, but "soldiers and sailors too" of the Saxon shore—and the altar dedicated to Neptune by an Admiral of the British Fleet might well have borne the added superscription of to-day's marines—*Per mare, per terram*. But we need not be busy with these dim traces, and can leave the phantom Parmesius of Mr. Kipling's story in his hoopy bronze armour and the red horse-tail flicking in the wind from his great helmet, and climb the hill again to see the actualities of Lympne. How the

village came by the "p" in its name no one can tell. The Middle Ages knew nothing of such a letter, Hasted is insistent to spell it Limne, while Somner wrote Lymne. The name obviously derives from Portus Lemanis, but the alien "p" has acquired squatter's rights, and may not be disturbed. Lympne Castle and Church were set in their place with a keen scenic judgment, none the less real for being unconscious. The way from Westenhanger, which also follows the line of the Roman Road from Canterbury, brings us through cornfield, meadow and orchard to the margin of a great inland cliff, whence we look not only down on the vast champaign of the marshes and the stumpy Martello towers that line the shore, but eastwards out and across the narrow seas to the coast of France. The castle groups ideally with its neighbour church, and indeed this close relation is natural enough, for until lately it was always an ecclesiastical possession. It has been called the Parsonage House, the Court Lodge and the Archdeacon's House, and the last is the most appropriate. As long ago as the eleventh century Archbishop Lanfranc gave up the Church of Lymne, its possessions and privileges, to the Archdeacons of Canterbury, and likely enough those important functionaries lived there in early days. The castle we see seems to have been built in Henry V.'s reign, but history is provokingly silent on all points of detail. It remained in churchmen's hands until some fifty years ago, when it was bought by the late Major Lawes, and its later years saw its use as a farmhouse and a steady falling into disrepair.

So much for the ownership of the castle until 1906, when it came into the hands of Mr. F. J. Tennant. Its



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THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT HALL AND THE CHURCH.

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THE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH.

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THE COURTYARD FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

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THE WESTERN TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

condition was derelict almost to the point of ruin, as will be seen from the picture of the castle as it stood before its repair was begun: A year or two more of neglect and it would have collapsed into a heap of scattered rubble like its Roman neighbour down the hill. The task of retrieving its broken architectural fortunes was entrusted to the hands of Mr. R. S. Lorimer; but before we consider the castle as it stands to-day, re-edified and with its group of new surroundings, the story of its disgrace is to be told.

The extent of the original castle is shown by hatched lines on the accompanying plan, which explains also the layout of the new buildings. Its size is by no means considerable, for its frontage to the south is one hundred and sixteen feet and its greatest depth but forty-three feet. Probably the ground floor was originally arranged with a "screen" passage leading from the porch to the south door, the servants' quarters being in the east end and the private apartments in the tower beyond the

west end of the Great Hall. Though the period of neglect did something to obliterate the early disposition of the rooms, the fireplace in the hall gives a fixed point, and enough remains to prove that customary arrangements dictated the plan of the castle at its building. Its career as a farmhouse was disastrous to the fabric. It had been ruthlessly handled to make it suit its later occupants. A floor was inserted at the level of the window transoms in the Great Hall. The cusping of the heads of the windows had been bricked up and wooden sashes fitted in the openings. The space on the ground floor was cut up to make several small rooms. The old kitchen, now the library, continued, however, to be used as in earlier days, and the little room which opens from it became a scullery. The floor inserted in the hall brought much destruction with it, for the fine king-post roof was hacked

away to give room for attic lumber-rooms, a new ceiling was inserted at the tie-beam level and a new roof built above.



THE CASTLE BEFORE ITS REPAIR AND ADDITIONS.



The ground floor of the old tower was used as a dairy, and its upper stage served as a granary approached by an outside stair. The space now covered by the garden was a dreary litter of piggeries and cattle sheds. Altogether the problem presented was full of difficulty. The aim was to restore the castle as far as possible to its original condition, so that both its internal arrangement and its general character might once more be seen. At the same time that all its parts were made habitable and useful, new buildings were required spacious enough to accommodate a large family, its guests and its servants. The limitations imposed by the site were considerable. To the east the castle is bounded by the churchyard wall, and to the south the ground falls sharply to the marshes. The road to the church from the village defines the northern boundary, and to the west the space available was limited. The main idea was to leave the castle standing as nearly as possible clear of any added buildings, and this has been achieved by limiting the connection between the new and the old to a narrow communicating neck. The castle of the Canterbury archdeacons thus stands out by itself and tells its own story. This distinction has been emphasised by treating the new work in a more gentle and domestic fashion, by the fuller employment of gables and by a reserve in the use of battlementing and other features which suggest the building of elder days and its sterner motives. The picture entitled "New and Old from the South-west" shows this aspect of the added buildings. The circular projection of the west tower, backed by the solid mass of the Great Hall, stands out bravely

embrace the splendid map-like picture which spreads out to the south and west. To achieve this the dining-room was placed at an angle with the axial line of the old castle. To ensure reasonable convenience in domestic working, the kitchen offices form part of the new main block adjoining the castle,

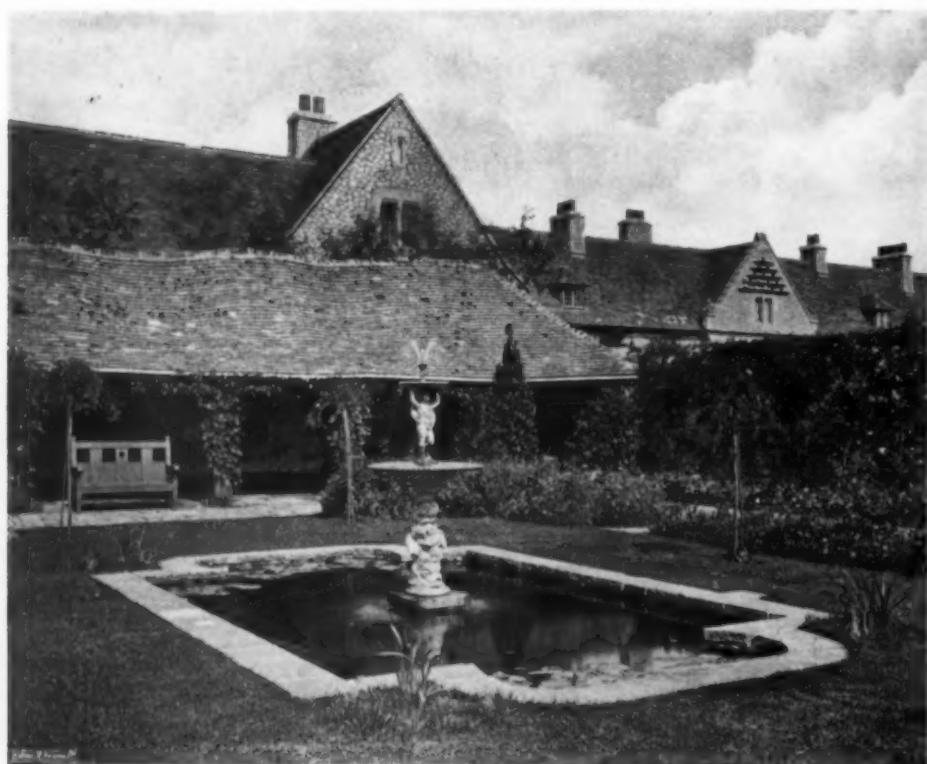


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THE NEW NORTH RANGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

but other servants' accommodation has been provided in a separate range of buildings which fronts the road from the village to the castle entrance. By this arrangement not only did Mr. Lorimer avoid the danger of overpowering the old work by the bulk of the new, but privacy was secured for the lawn and the rose garden, which would otherwise have been overlooked from the road. In this range are rooms for chauffeurs and other men-servants (facing northwards, still further to ensure privacy in the garden), stable, garage and laundries. At the east end of the block is the gatehouse, which gives access to the courtyard, and a practical point about the gate itself is worthy of mention. As it is nearly fourteen feet high, of oak and massively built, its weight made its movement somewhat of a problem in windy weather; in fact, it would have been impossible to open or shut it by hand. Gearing has, therefore, been fitted worked by a wheel within the gatehouse, and it runs so easily that a child can open or shut the gate in any weather. It gives the further advantage that the need of locks and bolts is altogether obviated. Once through the gates, we make our way to the courtyard down a gently sloping way paved with stone and flanked on the left by the buttressed wall of the churchyard. The porch of the Great Hall faces us, but we enter by a side door which opens into the entrance hall in the new buildings. To the left there runs a long passage to the castle, the communicating neck to which reference has already been made. Another corridor leads westwards to the smoking-room and dining-room. The accompanying illustration of the latter shows how soberly the new work has been treated, with plain oak panelling and a massive stone mantelpiece. The ceiling here, as elsewhere, has been simply and not too smoothly plastered, while the doors are fitted with inconspicuous wrought-iron thumb latches. It is from no lack of appreciation of its charms within that one remembers this room rather for what it looks upon than for what it is. Standing in its large bay on clear evenings the



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IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on the terrace with its stout abutment, while the new wing, by its smaller scale and more broken outline, confesses its less importance.

The lay-out of the new buildings was affected largely by the desire to have a generously windowed bay which should

has been simply and not too smoothly plastered, while the doors are fitted with inconspicuous wrought-iron thumb latches. It is from no lack of appreciation of its charms within that one remembers this room rather for what it looks upon than for what it is. Standing in its large bay on clear evenings the

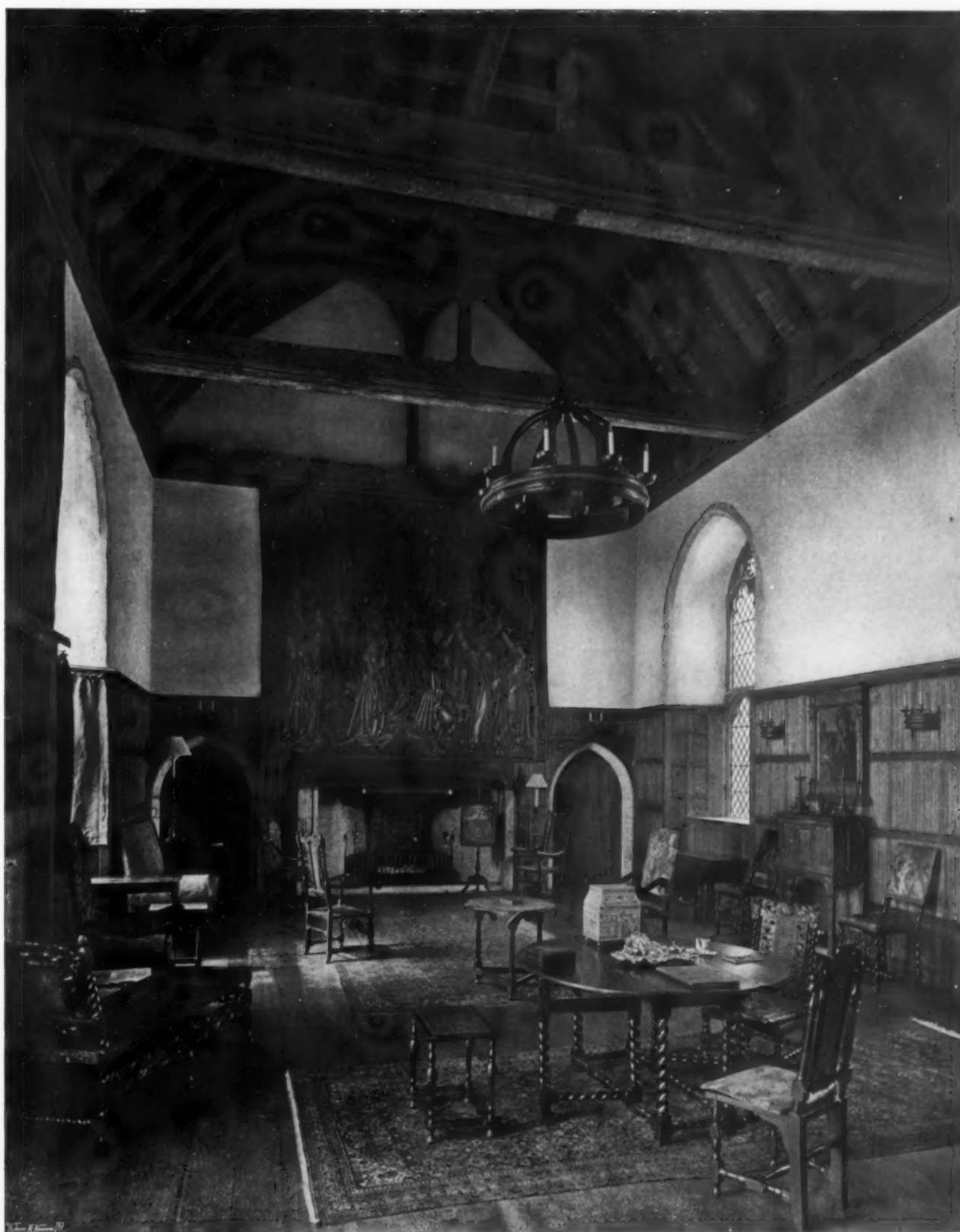
lights of the French Coast are visible. Always, save when the soft sea mists creep up, there are the gentle country rolling westward and the level marshes to the south, which bring to the memory Elizabeth Browning's luminous vision

As if God's hand had touched but had not pressed,  
In making England such an up and down of verdure.

Leaving the dining-room by its little octagonal antechamber,

such details as had disappeared in the general havoc of the hall roof.

All the work of reparation here and, indeed, throughout the castle, was of a delicate and anxious sort, for there was continual danger that the removal of decaying floors and walls which had been so rudely inserted would involve the old work in a common ruin, but this was happily averted. These acts



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THE GREAT HALL: EAST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gay with blue china happily disposed in its shelved corners, we make our way to the Great Hall. By good fortune enough pieces of the original window tracery were found built into a modern gable to establish its outline and to ensure the accuracy of the restoration. Two of the great oak beams of the old roof were preserved by building corbels under their decayed ends, and the treatment of the king-post bedroom was followed for

of restitution, indeed, brought some unexpected rewards. Foundations were found of a building older than the oldest walls, while embedded in unexpected places were marble shafts and parts of door-jambs and tracery of various periods which proved that Lympne as we see it was reared in part from the ruins of a finer predecessor on the same ground. Moreover, some of the stones suggested by their mouldings that they

had served in the Roman buildings of Studfall, and the sole of a Roman shoe found when excavating to the south of the great tower still further relates the site with its early masters. How far the mediæval archdeacons of Canterbury tempered their profession of peace with the arts of war one cannot say, but loopholes in the west tower were found built up and have been renewed.

The hall is panelled in old oak of linen-fold pattern, and over the fireplace is an old beam with an enchanting grotesque carved in its left spandrel. In the four traceried windows is some modern stained glass of delicate colouring, with well-designed figures symbolising elemental things, land and water, air and fire. Left and right of the fireplace are doors which lead, the first to a boudoir, the other to the ground floor of the western tower, and at the east end of the hall are two like openings, one to the old kitchen, now the library, the other to the stairway of the eastern tower. In the corner nearest the library door is a little window overlooking the hall from the

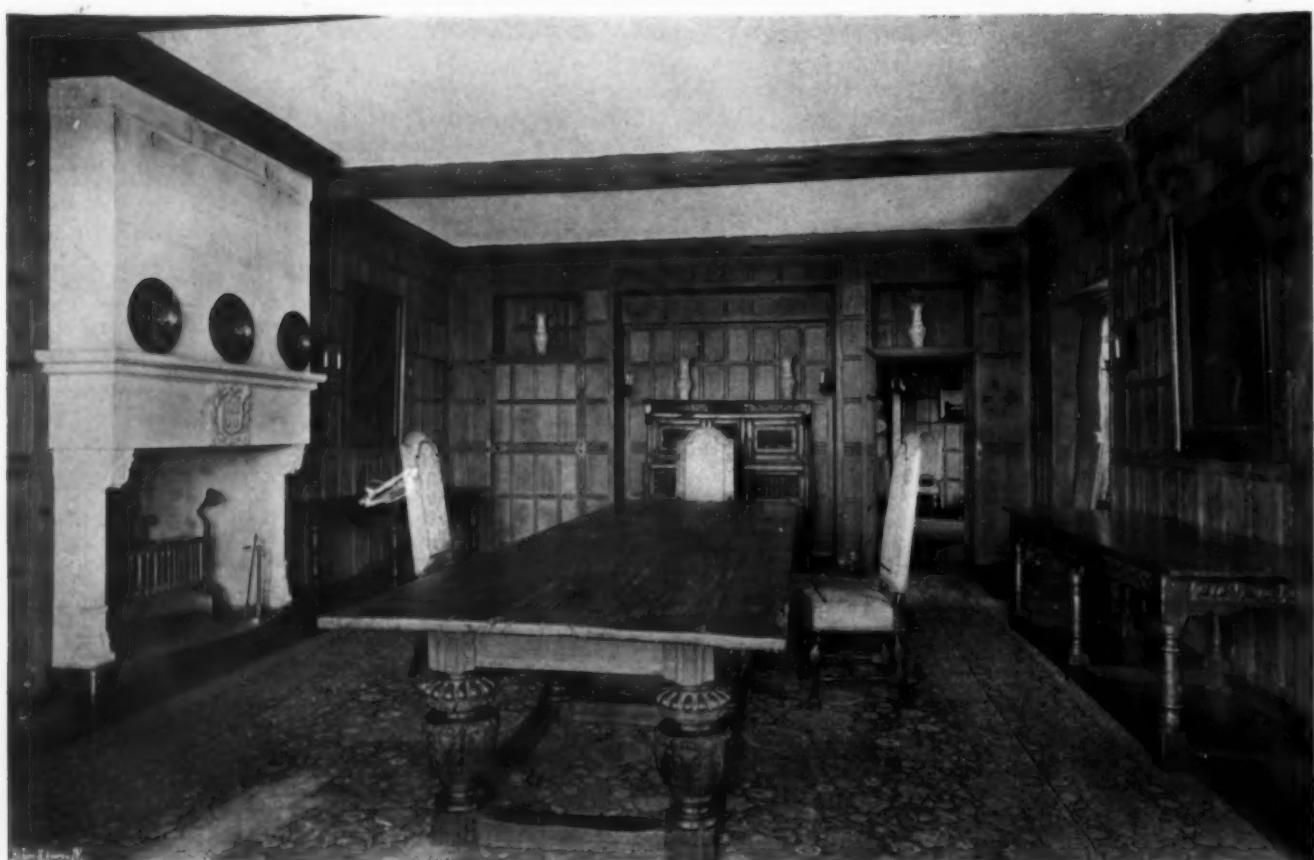


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THE KING-POST BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

room over the old porch, which thus has windows in all its four walls. The library is fitted with great oak bookcases, inhabited appropriately by long series of library editions, which seem to survey their massive surroundings with an air of large content. In such a room the small and dainty reprint would play the frivolous intruder. Opening out of the library is a little writing-room rescued from the base uses of the scullion of elder days. We return to the hall before making our way up the vice of the eastern tower and note the fine tapestries which join with fine furniture to make the picture complete. Two of them are Burgundian and of the fifteenth century, and have pride of place among Mr. Tennant's treasures. Work of that date and subject is rare. The South Kensington Museum can boast but two. Their colouring is brilliant still—blues, rose and a cool green—and they picture with a vivid realism the country life of mediæval days. Another tapestry in the hall is of later date, of the type known as Louis Douze.

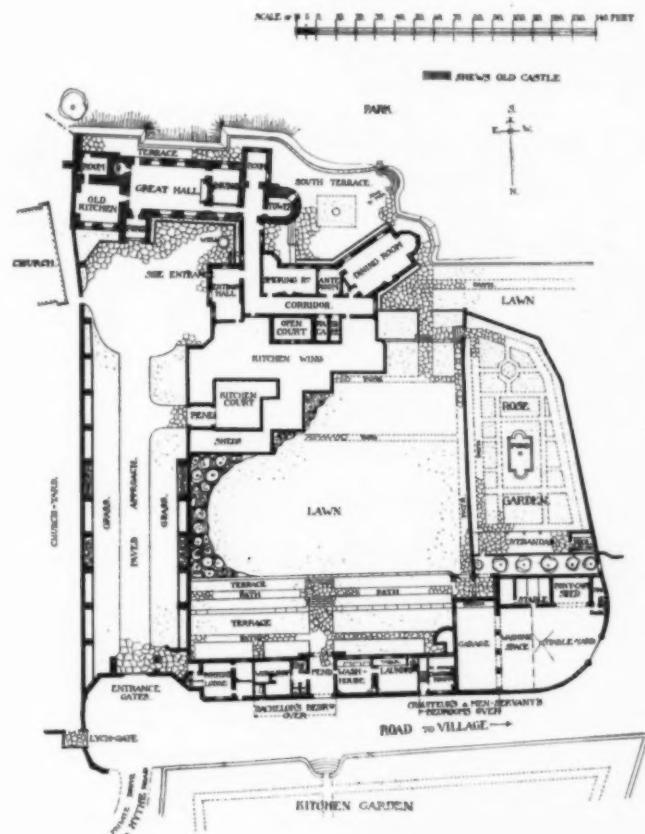


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THE NEW DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The church bedroom on the first floor of the eastern tower is a fine square apartment simply vaulted, and a corbel is carved with a ball-flower. Three steps lead down to a dressing-room and two up to a luxurious bathroom, which would have greatly astonished a mediæval archdeacon. In the west tower is the king-post bedroom, the subject of a picture, with its striking



GROUND PLAN.

open roof and a four-poster which is covered with green brocade. In the new block are some admirable bedrooms, and Mr. Lorimer has made his staircase newels pleasant with sundry carved beasts, among which an elephant is perhaps the best.

Not the least delightful part of Lympne is the narrow terrace along the south front of the hall, which widens out by the west tower into a big paved space with a solid rampart following the curves of the hill and helping to pull the old and the new into one composition. It leads us round under the dining-room window to the gardens, which were excavated from the mound of rock on which Lympne stands, and the stone thus yielded went to build the castle. In the designing of the garden some of the walls of the farm buildings were retained, and in particular an old shed with a wavy ridge, which appears in the picture of the rose garden, has taken on a new lease of life as a shelter. For a kitchen garden there was no room within the precincts of the castle, so one has been made on the north side of the road. Looking at the scheme of the new buildings as a whole, one criticism seems deserved. There is an air of the haphazard about the grouping, and the chimneys and gables pile up in rather a confused fashion, which is due to the servants' wing having been increased in size more than once as the work proceeded. The new north range is, therefore, the more satisfactory part, for it presents a more marked unity, and the round turret, with its conical roof, has the merit of recalling the most typically Kentish building form, the oast-house. The gable, too, with its dovecote and the stone monkeys sitting at its base, emphasises the Gothic feeling of the new work. In the free use of gables Mr. Lorimer has been wise, for they call to mind words of Ruskin, which remain true perhaps as certainly as anything he wrote. He is dealing with the nature of Gothic, and says, "Although there may be many advisable or necessary forms for the lower roof, there is, in cold countries exposed to rain and snow, only one advisable form for the roof mask, and that is the gable . . . and thus, as far as roofing is concerned, the gable is a far more essential feature of Northern architecture than the pointed vault, for the one is a thorough necessity, the other often a graceful conventionality." In adding to a castle Gothic in date and form, though itself but

slightly gabled, Mr. Lorimer has paid a wise fealty to the principles that guided his mediæval predecessors, by using with freedom a feature they would doubtless have used in their building, had it been on lines less martial and more domestic. W.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### WARLEY GARDENS IN SPRING AND SUMMER.

IT is well known among those who have followed the recent developments of gardening that now, for many years, various problems in botany and horticulture have been patiently worked out in these extensive gardens—*Warley Gardens in Spring and Summer*, by Ellen Willmott (Quaritch)—and that what was intended has been achieved with the success that can only come of long effort strongly maintained. Unremitting care and thought, applied with the owner's rare intelligence, consummate knowledge and extraordinary personal energy, have, with the fructifying accompaniment of a generous expenditure, produced a garden that stands alone in beauty and interest. Everything is not only well but largely done. Wide lawns show the Saffron Crocus (*C. sativus*), the only true native of its genus, a plant that grows spontaneously in the meadow and park lands of Warley Place. It may have been the contemplation of the wide breadths—acres in extent—of this pretty flower, that, now many years ago, before the larger and wider ways of gardening were practised, may have directed Miss Willmott's attention to the advantage of the extensive planting of one good thing at a time. For here are oceans of many kinds of Daffodil, and lesser seas of garden Crocuses, Colchicums, Fritillaries, and other plants that thrive in grassy places, in distinct and yet allied groupings, not only showing their own beauty and way of growth, but also serving to link up the varying scenes of lawn and woodland, grouping of tree and shrub, orchard, rock and water garden. The rock and Alpine gardens are largely formed and full of interest. A sound knowledge of a plant's way of growing in its own home, and of the geological and other conditions to which it is native,



ALPINE PRIMROSES.

enables it to be placed with a sure hand. Some of the incidents of delightful plant-growth that reward the diligent searcher in mountain places are faithfully reproduced. Such an example is the vertical rocky cleft closely studded with one of the lovely little Alpine Primroses—absolutely at home and rejoicing in its perfectly suitable position. In the rock gardens proper and the

more or less rocky banks of lesser altitude that lead to them, the rocks are geologically disposed, and the steps and stepping-stones are such as one may meet with in many a wild Alpine region. In one of these rocky banks there are wide plantings of the common Dog's-tooth Violet, a plant beautiful and satisfying in all its details, from the low-toned purplish pink flowers and handsomely marbled leaves to the smooth, long-shaped white tubers that account for its popular name.

Very carefully considered and planned are the approaches to the rock garden. First—from a lawn—a few low bushes with a lump or two of stone just showing above ground; then a bolder planting and larger rocks, until a turn of the path displays all rock and rock plants. Some of the outer approaches have large plants of bold growth—Spiræas, Foxgloves and Mulleins, a beautiful branching pink-flowered Mullein of Miss Willmott's own raising being conspicuous as a new development of good colouring in this handsome class of plant. The many lovely Alpine Bell-flowers are largely used, their close tufts, smothered with bloom, fully filling joint and chink and lapping over the edges of the stony surfaces. No plants are better for the nearer parts of rockwork against steps and running along by the cool under-edges of the boulders. One picture shows a remarkable growth of Ramondia, rejoicing in the cool rock-joints of a northern exposure. Its home is in deep gorges in the Pyrenees, where it is frequently found bathed in the spray of the mountain torrent.

Many rock gardens are spoilt by the planting being confined to the smaller rock plants only, with, perhaps, a few small bushes in the back or upper parts. But here the bushy things are largely used, and, in general, the whole has a backing of mature shrubs and trees of

larger growth. Here we find the Daphnes, so pretty in detail and so sweet of scent, the Olearias and the larger shrubby Heaths several feet high, and the many good bushy Spiræas and Roses of both bush and rambling habit, and a goodly company of all the best shrubs and small trees. One of the paths turns into an ancient orchard, now all wild garden, with the old fruit trees flowering overhead, and Columbines, Foxgloves and the many plants that enjoy a little passing shade revelling beneath. Lily pools are cleverly placed, little paths leading down to them, and, by promontories of stepping-stones, actually taking the path into the pool for a yard or two, so allowing of another and different point of view of the marginal planting. Here, besides the various lovely Water-Lilies, are the plants that like to be partly submerged, or that, planted on the bank, can always feel the waters at the root. Such are the giant Gunneras and the great Californian Saxifrage (*Saxifraga peltata*). One of the pictures shows its tall-stemmed pink bloom that comes before the foliage. But the beauty of the plant is in its large leaves with the long stem planted in the middle—sometimes they hold a little pool of rain-water. It is the largest of the widely various and extensive Saxifrage family, and entirely unlike any other. Flowering shrubs are so arranged on the steeper banks of the pools that their bloom is seen reflected in the water. There is also a marshy dell with Ferns and the many plants that enjoy a damp soil and the shade and shelter of their taller brethren.

Flower borders of hardy plants are grandly filled. A matter that is often neglected is here well carried out—that is, the choice of the plants that form the margin. Funkias are largely used for front foliage, with Pinks, Iberis and *Campanula carpatica*; other such plants that should not be forgotten for such use are the Megaseas and *Nepeta Mussini*, with *Stachys* and Lavender Cotton.

Lilies are grandly grown, both in the larger rock banks, the flower borders and in groups by themselves. There is a large planting of the white Martagon, not often seen in such vigour; and of special beauty is the Nankeen Lily (*L. testaceum*), seen against a background of lawn and large trees.

This sumptuous volume is of pictures only—there is no letterpress. Each scene of border, rock and wild garden, pool and water margin, speaks for itself. The pictures are large reproductions, measuring eleven by nine inches, of photographs taken by Miss Willmott; they should prove admirably instructive to all who have good gardening at heart.

It may not be out of place to say a few words on a subject that is a cause of much difficulty, and even a good deal of distress, to the owners of beautiful gardens. Interest in horticulture is now so general that, when people hear of well-done gardens, their impulse is, quite naturally, a desire to visit them. Any publication of successes, especially if illustrated, arouses in genuine horticultural enthusiasts a keen interest, and in a very much larger number of persons a lively curiosity, which urgently demands to be gratified. If all the requests for admission were granted, the whole use and pleasure of the garden would be lost to its owner. For a garden's main purpose is that it should be a private place of quiet reward for labour and effort—a place of repose to eye and mind. The Warley gardens, like many others where the same difficulty is experienced, are not



THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

open for general inspection, but there are two or three days in the year when the public is admitted on payment of a small sum, which is given to local funds.

G. JEKYLL.

THE FLOWER OF AUTUMN.  
OWING to various causes the Chrysanthemum has lost the high position that it used to occupy; but, happily, there are indications that it is about to regain once more the immense popularity that it enjoyed in the declining days of the last century. Easy of cultivation in town and country alike, and lasting in bloom over a long period, both in a natural and cut state, it is only right that the merits of this flower of Japan should be fully realised. At the National Chrysanthemum Society's exhibition, held last week at the Crystal Palace, it was possible to see every phase of the flower, from the dainty little Pompons, some of them no larger than a shilling, to the enormous, so-called Japanese blooms that measured nearly a foot in diameter. Until quite recently these extra large flowers, owing to their coarseness, have been looked upon with disfavour by all except exhibitors; but in the newer varieties, when properly cultivated, we get refinement with size. In addition, the colours have been vastly improved, and instead of the washed-out pink and magenta flowers that at one time predominated, we now have rich yellows, pure whites and glowing crimsons that seem so typical of autumn. Some of these large blooms, arranged in separate colours in art vases, were to be seen at the exhibition named, and when used in this way they should prove most useful for decorations where a bold effect is desired. Although these large flowers appear to be regaining favour, it is certain that the smaller decorative and single-flowered types will never take a second place. They are useful for nearly all decorative schemes, from the dinner-table to large floral effects in corridors, reception-rooms and similar positions. Their decorative value was well demonstrated at the exhibition, the dinner-tables especially showing the many colour schemes that it is possible to create by the use of these flowers. Generally bronze, brown and yellow flowers, with ruddy-tinted and green foliage, were favoured, and under artificial light the effect was most pleasing. Vases filled with Chrysanthemums and autumn-tinted foliage were also freely shown, crimson and white flowers playing an important part in this section. There is something about the rich crimson and golden brown flowers of the Chrysanthemum that seems to reflect in an enhanced form the quiet foliage beauties of the woodland at this season.

H.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### FINGER AND TOE.

ALL the crops of the farm are liable to be attacked by disease of some kind or other, and the valuable turnip crop is by no means an exception. More than one enemy is always waiting for an opportunity to injure it; but the most destructive is that known as "finger and toe." The "fly" is bad enough; but, even if a braid be entirely cleared off in June, a later sowing may be obtained, or a crop of rape may be got instead. With finger and toe nothing of the sort is possible, and not infrequently, in bad cases, a season's yield is entirely lost. Turnips have been grown in the Northern Counties as food for sheep and cattle for two centuries, and the disease was well known one hundred years ago in certain districts by the name which it still bears. Lawson, writing in 1827, refers to it as "a very destructive disease, formerly confined to particular districts, but lately begun to extend itself in an alarming manner." A Mr. Spence gave an excellent description of it in a paper read to the Holderness Agricultural Society in 1811, and put forward the ingenious theory that "though not produced by any insect that has yet been discovered, it is yet caused by some unobserved species, which, either biting the turnip in the earliest stage of its growth, or insinuating its egg into it, infuses at the same time into the wound a liquid which communicates to the



NANKEEN LILIES.

sap vessels a morbid action, causing them to form the excrescences which are indicative of its presence." Many views were advanced from time to time in regard to the nature of it; but no real progress was made until about thirty years ago, when it was found to be caused by a slime fungus known as *Plasmodiophora brassicae*. This fungus enters the root of the plant, and so affects it as to cause it to develop the tumours, or swellings, which every arable farmer knows so well and dreads so much. Sometimes the swellings are seen only on the roots, but in bad cases the whole lower end of the turnip is one distorted mass of tumours, as is clearly shown in the photograph on the next page. The root dies off, and is, of course, of no use whatever. Where the attack is of a mild character throughout, none of the roots may die, and they may be, and are, used for the ordinary purposes of stock feeding, but the yield is decreased and the quality depreciated. Where the soil is badly infected with the fungus, the young plants droop and die at, or shortly after, thinning. I have seen as many as seventy-five per cent. of the plants affected at singling; at other times no indications are observed until late summer or early autumn, when the withering leaves tell their own tale to the practised eye. The fungus does not move about in the soil of its own accord to any appreciable extent, but where the diseased turnip or the infected soil goes, it goes, and it is in this way mostly that it is distributed over a farm. It retains its vitality for at least five or six or more years under ordinary conditions, but is apparently unable to survive the process of digestion when taken into the stomach of an animal in an infected turnip.

### A REMEDY FOR FINGER AND TOE.

A cure for finger and toe, which would be at the same time effectual and cheap, has been looked for for a hundred years. But until now it has been sought for in vain. It has long been known, of course, that lime would eradicate the disease; but the cost has deterred many farmers from using it. In the days when money was plentiful, lime was freely used not only for the cure of finger and toe, but in order to improve the barley and the seeds. Not infrequently it was applied at the rate of six

tons an acre, the cost of which, including cartage, ran up to £3 or £3 10s. With the eighties, or rather the seventies, this practice ceased, as farmers generally had not the money to spend on lime; and the habit of getting along somehow without it has become interwoven to such an extent into farming practice that it is only under the compulsion of absolute necessity that the average farmer thinks of buying lime as a dressing for his tillage land. When lime has been used in late years for finger and toe it has been usual to apply from two and a-half to three tons per acre of ordinary burnt lime, and as a rule that has been found sufficient for the purpose. But even this quantity entails an expenditure of something like 45s. to 50s. per acre, and if any large area of land is affected, the total amount necessary to be expended is by no means small, and few farmers care to lay it out even with the security which the Agricultural Holdings Act gives them. Experiments have been made with various substances from time to time with a view of finding out whether infected land could be cleared of the disease without having recourse to lime. At Cockle Park sulphide of lime and sulphate of zinc were tried, but they proved useless. Sulphate of copper has been found to be of use in some cases, and at Woburn it was shown that 4*g*al. of carbolic acid was a helpful addition to two tons of lime as a remedial dressing. None of these substances, however, has come into general use, and in the present state of our knowledge it would be correct to say that for practical purposes we are limited to lime in some form or other as a means of combating the disease. Gas-lime has been frequently used on experimental plots, and in some instances fairly satisfactory results have been obtained with it; but none of them is sufficiently good to encourage the hope that gas-lime, when applied broadcast, would prove a successful remedy. At Cockle Park four tons were applied per acre, at a cost of 10s.; but even after the lapse of six years from the time it was applied the number of sound roots (swedes were grown every year on the same land) was no higher than 10 per cent. The tests made hitherto with gas-lime on experimental farms do not, however, exhaust the possibilities which lie in this direction, and it has been left to two or three farmers in the Border Country to demonstrate that this substance, when applied in a particular way, will protect turnips from attack even on lands which are positively rotten with finger-and-toe disease. During the last two years excellent crops of yellow turnips and swedes have been got on soils which, during living memory, never yielded more than a mere fraction of a crop, owing to the ravages of the disease. The same good results have accrued on different farms and on various classes of soils, and so consistent have these results been under diverse circumstances that it appears almost certain that a cure has been found which will prove effectual in all ordinary cases, and at a cost which is entirely nominal. The plan adopted is to allow the gas-lime to "weather" in



A TURNIP ATTACKED  
BY FINGER AND TOE.

a heap for periods varying from two weeks to two months, then to put it through a sieve of moderately small mesh in order to take out bits of stone and rubbish, and to sow it with a suitable manure distributor in the drill (along with but separated from the other manures) at the rate of from four to five hundredweight per acre just before the turnip seed is sown. It is to be noted that broadcast sowing, before the drills are formed, has been found on these farms to be of no avail, and this probably explains why gas-lime as tried at Cockle Park gave such a poor account of itself, for it was there spread on the surface and ploughed in. In no case has the gas-lime when applied in the above way failed to produce first-class crops, quite free from disease, on infected soils, and the results have proved of immense interest, especially to those in the near neighbourhood of the farms in question, who have seen for themselves the terrible ravages wrought by the disease in former years on the fields which last year and this year have produced magnificent crops of sound roots. The cost, as I have said, is very small—merely nominal—being only 1s. or so per acre, apart from the cost of carting and sowing.

J. C.

#### THE COLLYNIE SALE.

If the late Mr. Amos Cruickshank could have been present in the spirit at Mr. Duthie's sale at Collynie the other day, he would surely have felt rewarded for his life-long efforts, which were so little appreciated while he lived and worked. Dying in 1895, he at least saw the beginning of the plunge taken by the "pure Bates" men when they crossed their Duchesses, and other erstwhile valuable tribes, with sires of Cruickshank blood; but he could scarcely have foreseen that in 1910 the produce of his skill would be the very pink of fashion, and that eighteen young bulls would realise an average of £378 8s. 2d., or, more wonderful still, that one of them would be sold at no less than 1,050 guineas, and that a white one into the bargain. From their original home at Sittyton, the Cruickshank shorthorns have spread far and wide, and are now eagerly sought not only in Great Britain, but in Argentina, the United States, Canada and every other country where the breed flourishes. They have not yet reached the fabulous prices given for Bates cattle in the seventies, but the spirit of emulation to possess specimens is exactly the same, and the fictitious value of mere pedigree and fashion threatens to run once more to extremes, leading to close breeding and danger to constitution, fruitfulness and personal merit. We like to hear of high prices, and we all admire the splendid herds of beef-producing shorthorns of which Aberdeenshire can now justly boast. We recognise their value, in spite of their lack of any pretensions as dairy cattle. They are grand to look at and possess hardy constitutions, substance and quality. Let our breeders take warning from the past and not allow themselves to be led by the worship of fashion to endanger their future by too exclusive breeding.

A. T. M.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**M**R. W. H. HUDSON'S new book, called *A Shepherd's Life* (Methuen), ought to be kept, if for nothing else, as an authentic document bearing on the rural England of the nineteenth century. It would appear from his narrative that the habit of living for long intervals on Salisbury Plain has been his for a considerable number of years. During that time he has been in constant and intimate communication with the inhabitants of the little village of Winterbourne Bishop, and has in this book set down the annals of one of the most interesting of them. The work at a superficial glance would therefore appear to be one of local interest only. Indeed, the district is unique in England. Tradition says that furrow-marks on it are at least a thousand years old; but as far as actual knowledge goes, it seems from the beginning of history to our time to have been pastoral in character. Mr. Hudson does not think it is changed much from the days of the early Briton. Like Richard Jefferies, who preceded him in describing with even more intimate knowledge the downs rising above his native Coate, he has come under the fascination of "the man in the barrow," the Ancient Briton who traversed these wide spaces before even Julius Cæsar had heard of the island, and he thinks that if he were to come to life again little change would he be able to observe in his familiar haunts:

He would see no mansion or big building, no puff of white steam and sight of a long, black train creeping over the earth, nor any other strange thing. It would appear to him even as he knew it before he fell asleep—the same familiar scene, with furze and bramble and bracken on the slope, the wide expanse with sheep and cattle grazing in the distance, and the dark green of trees in the hollows, and fold on fold of the low down beyond, stretching away to the dim, farthest horizon.

But the book only touches lightly and incidentally on this romantic aspect. It deals mainly with the incidents of shepherd life, and those who know other parts of Great Britain with

something like the intimacy which Mr. Hudson has acquired will recognise at once that his shepherd is typical of his race in the whole of the country. He began life in harder times than we have any conception of. There was no school authority to hinder children from being sent to work as early as their parents chose, and these parents were compelled by their necessities to seek what aid they could obtain from their families almost as soon as the little boys and girls could walk. The shepherd of Mr. Hudson's book began work when he was six. It was during harvest when his father, who was a shepherd, had to take his share in the ingathering of the crops, and being at a loss for anyone to look after his sheep sent the little boy, Caleb, to take charge of them, at the same time telling him not to run about among the furze bushes for fear of the adders. This experience of childhood made a vivid impression on the memory, and it is not surprising to hear that the man of four-score years and six has a vivid recollection of having to run about among the bushes with the terror of adders in his mind, and the two troubles together kept him crying with misery all the time.

Thus he entered upon life much in the same way as William Cobbett or Robert Stephenson had done, the way familiar to the great multitude of those who did nothing to have their names enshrined in books. Caleb began to work regularly at the age of nine. Here is a picture of his mother at that time which illustrates the continual danger of the Downs:

"I can see her now," said Caleb, "sitting on that furze bush, in her smock and leggings, with a big hat like a man's on her head—for that's how she dressed. But in a few moments she jumped up crying out that she felt a snake under her, and snatched off the shawl, and there, sure enough, out of the middle of the flat bush-top appeared the head of an adder, flicking out its tongue. The dog, too, saw it, dashed at the bush, forcing his muzzle and head into the middle of it, seized the serpent by its body and plucked it out and threw it from him, only to follow it up and kill it in the usual way."

His contemporaries probably thought him fortunate in being the son of a shepherd, even though his father's wages were not

more than nine shillings a week. Many of the farm labourers received only four or five shillings a week, and what made them feel the smallness of their earnings more was the fact that food-stuffs were incomparably dearer than they are now. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Hudson that in those days the barley bannock was an ordinary article of consumption in that part of Wiltshire. He says :

The men would take their dinners with them, consisting of a few barley balls or cakes, in their coat pockets, and at noon they would gather at one spot to enjoy their meal, and seat themselves on the ground in a very wide circle, the men about ten yards apart, then each one would produce his bannocks and start throwing, aiming at some other man's face ; there were hits and misses and great excitement and hilarity for twenty or thirty minutes, after which the earth and gravel adhering to the balls would be wiped off, and they would set themselves to the hard task of masticating and swallowing the heavy stuff.

If we are to judge by the general effect of all this, the result was not altogether to be deplored, as the generation that underwent these hardships proved to be a tough and hardy one, as is evidenced by the great age to which many of them attained. Mr. Hudson's shepherd was eighty-six, and ninety was not out of the way. Their interests were circumscribed to a considerable extent by their education, or rather by their book education. Many could not read or write at all, and the only means for a shepherd to develop his intelligence lay in the attention he gave to his charge. He knew the sheep by headmark, and the training of his sheep-dogs was at once an anxiety and pride to him. We have little biographies here of many redoubtable collies, like *Tory* and *Rough*. Mr. Hudson is realistic rather than idealistic about these dogs. Not all of them turned out well, and at least one anecdote is told in which, the master being killed, the dog made a meal of him. Occasions on which the sheepdog turns against the sheep are not infrequent. The shepherd sometimes forgets that in training a dog he is going against its natural instincts, which are those of the wolf. As well as knowing about his dogs and his lambs, the shepherd had to look out for weather signs, and some of his class were particularly skilful in forecasting changes. It became an instinct to do so with many of them when they grew to be elderly men. He was also led to pay some attention to the beasts and birds of the Downs and to the wild flowers that he saw there ; but the shepherd is not really educated, and a great many of his observations are forgotten almost as soon as made. "I was no scholar," was his pathetic lament. Mr. Hudson very properly explains that his lore had to be extracted from him in scraps ; he would, as it were, let morsels fall during the course of a long conversation. Undoubtedly the romance of a peasant's life in the nineteenth century, at any rate in the early half of it, lay in poaching. He was driven to it to some extent by the dearness of provisions, and also by his love of adventure, in which he differed very greatly from the poacher of to-day, who is merely a game-thief. The various stories of deer-poaching told by Mr. Hudson rather make us think that the down poacher was a deer-stealer, as there were no wild deer running about England so late as this. At the same time, the practice of carrying off fawns from private parks was not unknown in many parts, and probably has existed in one form or another since the time of Shakespeare. Probably the shepherd belonged to a milder type of poacher. Contemporary stories told of the North of England have much more richness and flavour than those gleaned in Wiltshire. It must be remembered, however, that the shepherd on the Downs belonged to a simple race. In the heavy arable land adjoining Wiltshire, the exploits of poachers used to furnish conversation as lively as those of any other part of England. On the whole, Mr. Hudson has succeeded in painting a very complete figure. It is not heroic in any shape or form, is not even very striking ; but at the bottom there is a vision of patient, uncomplaining labour, of the conscience that would not rest unless the day's work was well done, of a devotion to his task that made the shepherd dream of his sheep and of the hurdles by night, and of a quiet, simple faith that it cannot be to the advantage of rural England to have, to some extent, lost.

#### IN FAIR VERONA.

*A History of Verona*, by A. M. Allen. Edited by Edward Armstrong. (Methuen.)

MESSRS. METHUEN are to be congratulated upon this book, which is the latest addition to their valuable historical series, "The States of Italy," of which the previous volumes have met with favourable comment and criticism from Italian as well as from English students. This foreign appreciation of English scholarship is evinced particularly in the growing readiness of the authorities abroad to place their old and valuable chronicles at the disposal of our historical writers. Miss Allen acknowledges in her preface the kindness with which her researches at Verona were thus generously assisted. The mediæval history of Italian States is, perhaps, somewhat monotonous. For all there was the same internal warfare ; Guelph and Ghibelline perpetually striving for the upper hand ; the same record of bloodshed and fierce cruelty, side by side with

an intense feeling for art, learning and literature, and that passionate sense of religion which, perhaps, reached its zenith in that most tender saint of the thirteenth century, St. Francis of Assisi. Miss Allen gives a detailed and extremely interesting account of the career of Ezzelino da Romano, that execrable despot of the thirteenth century who for thirty years ruled Verona with merciless tyranny. "In the smiling foot-hills below the deep gorge cut by the Brenta through the Alps lay a chain of gloomy castles, S. Zenone, Romano, and Bassano. These were the strongholds of a race of turbulent German nobles who had come into Italy with Conrad the Salic, and fascinated by the soft climate and rich soil had remained behind to become famous (or infamous) as the family of the da Romano. The greatest and most notorious of them all was Ezzelino III., whose cruelty and bloodthirstiness had made him the type *par excellence* of the tyrant. His military capacity, and marvellous constructive genius, enabled him to weld Verona, and the other warring cities of the Trevisan Mark, into one compact state, which, for close on thirty years, he held together by sheer force of will, crushing out rebellion and faction with iron ruthlessness, till, in terror of sharing a like fate, the rest of Lombardy combined and overthrew him." He died in 1259, five days after his defeat by the Guelph party, from wounds received at the Battle of Cassano. From his death dates the rise of the Scaligeri dynasty, whose memories still live in the beautiful buildings, churches, palaces, bridges and, above all, in the exquisite tombs of Verona. Mastino della Scala, who succeeded him as ruler of Verona, was Podestà at the time of Ezzelino's death. The family was not originally noble. Much of the history of Verona is, indeed, the history of the Scaligeri, of their swift rise to power, their wars and conquests, their pitiless destruction of all obstacles in the way of their success and advancement. But they will be remembered best, perhaps, as the friends and patrons of Dante, upon whom several in succession bestowed kindness and hospitality after his banishment from Florence. Thus they secured for themselves that immortal tribute in the "Paradiso" :

Lo primo tuo rifugio e'l primo ostello  
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo  
Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello.

Miss Allen comes to the only logical conclusion in the time-honoured discussion as to which of the Scaligeri was here designated. It is now the generally accepted conclusion that the lines refer to Bartolomeo I., although it is believed that in his time the family had not added the Imperial Eagle to the ladder which formed their coat of arms. It was in his reign that Romeo and Juliet are traditionally supposed to have loved and died. The most famous of the Scaligeri was, doubtless, Cangrande, mourned at his death in the anonymous poem "La Resa di Treviso" as "il fiore di tutta Lombardia." Dante is supposed to have dedicated the "Paradiso" to him, although the flattering letter addressed to him by the poet is by many regarded as a forgery. Boccaccio, however, affirms that he used to send the "Paradiso" by instalments to Cangrande. It is certain that the exiled poet was intimately acquainted with Verona ; that it was his first refuge we have his own testimony, and it is from his allusions, in the "Inferno," to the Palio that we know that the piece of cloth competed for in this famous foot-race was of a green colour. There can be little doubt that Dante's position in Cangrande's time was embittered by the treatment he received at the hands of his patron, and Rossetti's famous poem, "Dante in Verona," has done much to substantiate this theory. Cangrande was especially the hero of the fourteenth century Italian poets. His conquests, his deeds of prowess appealed forcibly to them ; in addition, he was kind to the poor, and encouraged art, literature and learning. He rebuilt many of the castles which had been burnt. The illustrations to the present work include a charming photograph of the castle at Soave, with its fine walls, delicate turrets and giant cypresses. To Alberto I. (brother of the first Mastino) was due the development of the marble quarries of St. Ambrogio with their famous "peach-blossom" marble, so-called on account of its rosy hue. He caused churches, palaces and bridges to be built of it, even using it for paving the streets, and thus gaining for Verona the name of *urbs marmorea*. But of all the sights of Verona that which, perhaps, makes the most profound impression upon the visitor is the group of beautiful tombs of the Scaligeri. That of Mastino II. is the most perfect of all, and was described by Ruskin as "altogether exquisite as a work of art." Miss Allen devotes an interesting, but too slight, chapter to the Veronese School of Painting. She justly observes that although the most famous artists of Verona did their most important work away from their own city, the work of those who are less well known can only be studied in Verona itself. This is especially the case with regard to Francesco Morone, of whose work a single specimen is to be seen in the National Gallery. His masterpieces are the frescoes of wonderful loveliness preserved still in the church and sacristy of St. Maria in Organo. Vasari declares this sacristy, which is further adorned by carvings and fine intarsia work by Fra Giovanni, to be the most beautiful in the world. Miss Allen's history is exhaustive and well-written ; she has spared no pains in the gathering of her material, and the whole book gives evidence of careful research. She occasionally falls into an error common to English historians, who, writing from a Protestant standpoint, are inclined to give the actions and decisions of the Popes rather less than their due, and to range themselves on the side of the anti-clerical party. But she has a genuine enthusiasm for her subject, and her character studies of the great rulers of Verona are vivid and impressive. The illustrations are, without exception, charming, and some useful maps are appended.

#### A MASTER'S HAND.

*The Finer Grain*, by Henry James. (Methuen.)

MR. HENRY JAMES is past criticism. By this we do not mean to say that he is always beyond it. But he is one of the few who take that rank which in each age is only taken by the very few. He has genius, and the work he has done is such that the work he does cannot be judged as the work of others. These are short stories, and each deals with a human relationship—with one aspect of a human relationship rather—treated from an unusual, as subtle, as clever a point of view as are all Mr. Henry James's points of view. Affectations, mannerisms and tricks, they do not matter when they are the froth of a great sea—when they are the mere habits of a man who has really something to say and something so unusual and so difficult to convey that we are willing to concede that he cannot get it conveyed without these queer helps to effect. The two best of these stories, as acute as anything he has done, are "The Velvet Glove" and "The Bench of Desolation" ; the one that has the most of Mr. James's tricks and the least of his inspiration is, to our thinking, "Mora Montravers." We recommend this last to the myriad American writers who imitate Mr. James ! They will get in it a faint foreshadowing of what Mr. Henry James's manner might become when the full genius of Mr. Henry James is not behind it.

## A CHAUFFEUR'S ADVENTURES.

**The Man Who Drove the Car**, by Max Pemberton. (Eveleigh Nash.) A SERIES of adventures undertaken, some willingly and some unwillingly, by an enterprising chauffeur to whom nothing comes amiss. He gets himself mixed up with robberies and elopements, with actors and adventuresses, with the aristocracy and the under-world; and in the pursuit of his legitimate calling makes a good deal more than his legitimate salary. He has need to be sharp, since his career seems to lie almost without exception among sharpers.

## AN ALPINE COURTSHIP.

**A Snail's Wooing**, by E. M. Sneyd Kynnersley. (Macmillan.) THE story is of the slightest, a mere pretext on which to string a series of descriptions of Alpine expeditions, but both story and descriptions make delightful reading. Jack Templar, a young barrister of good family and considerable means, comes to the aid of a party of three—father, step-mother and daughter—who are in difficulties over their luggage at the Visp Station. He attaches his fortunes to those of his three compatriots, they make various expeditions together and he falls in love with Cordelia, the daughter. The course of true love does not run smoothly. George Vaughan, a fortune-hunting nephew of Mrs. Preston's, threatens to come between the hero and his happiness. Despite the fact that Templar has been extraordinarily uncommunicative concerning his identity and position Judge Preston is disposed to favour Jack Templar's suit; fate,

too, is kind, and metes out justice to the diffident wooer. The book has a charm which it would be difficult to define; it is so naively unassuming as to be quite refreshing. Mr. Sneyd Kynnersley is a pleasant writer.

## TWO BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

**Baily's Hunting Directory, 1910-1911, with Diary** (Vinton and Co.), and **Vinton's Show Record, 1910** (Vinton and Co.).

THIS is the fourteenth issue of the invaluable *Baily*, and it contains several new features. The hunting diary added last year is continued. Designs of more buttons have been added, and additions have been made to the number of key maps and meets. There are also articles on "Hints to Beginners" and "Hints to Puppy Walkers." There is no need at this time of day to say anything about a record of which every hunting-man knows the value.

The idea of publishing an alphabetical list of animals that have won prizes at the livestock shows of the year is a very useful one. It enables us at a glance to see what honours have been won by any particular animal. The shows taken into account include the Royal, the Highland, the Royal Dublin, the London Spring Horse Shows, the International Horse Show, the Bath and West and the Royal Counties', together with the majority of the county shows and a few others.

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 32<sup>8</sup>.]

## CHAMPION RETRIEVERS.



OVER THE PLOUGH.

HERE is no doubt that the weather which attended the Retriever Championship Trials at the end of last week will be used as an argument in their favour by those who advocate an earlier date for this important fixture. It has importance, in so much as the retriever is the one sporting dog which itself has a general importance to the shooting in these days when such a vast majority of the game is driven to the gun, and the pointers and setters are no longer almost indispensable aids to sport. It is true that November 3rd and 4th, the dates

for this year's decision of the championship trials, are late in the calendar, but, after all, they are not so very far on in the shooting season.

It would not do to have these trials at a time when a great many shooters have not yet come down from the North, and there is a deal to do before they can be reached. Nor, when all is said, have we any security for the good behaviour of our climate even much earlier in the year than this. It is very much a matter of chance what weather we shall be favoured with at any time in the autumn or early winter, and the fact that it



TOGI BRINGS A PHEASANT TO HAND.

is a matter of chance had surely much better be realised and the dates determined, as they are at present, by other motives of convenience.

Certainly the weather this year was most unfortunate, both wet and blustery, unfavourable to scent, and most disagreeable for shooters, judges and spectators. The dogs were probably less incommoded by it than anyone else in the field. The meeting took place on the shooting rented by Mr. Glen Kidston near Three Cocks in Wales—but, it might be noted, a part of the kingdom in which the driest weather is most often to be found—and it would have been a very appropriate as well as a very popular result had this good sportsman succeeded in carrying off championship honours on his own ground. He came very near so doing, but did not quite achieve it.

One of the signs of the times which the meeting attested is the ever-growing popularity of the Labrador dogs at the expense of the older curly-coated kinds which were the friends of our youth; and however sentimental attachment may incline

of obedience and control which are so essential in a good retriever. As regards their appearance, we may confess to a personal predilection for our older friends, but that is admittedly a mere question of taste, and so long as the admirers of the looks of the Labradors permit us to preserve our own taste in that respect, we have no ground whatever on which to quarrel with them about theirs.

The entry-list, of nine in all, was not very splendid, but there was some good quality. It was not actually raining when a start was made on the first day, but the rain came down very soon and continued in earnest. The guns were Mr. Glen Kidston himself, Captain de Winton, Captain Harcourt Wood, Colonel Kennedy, Mr. R. Page, Mr. W. Bailey and Mr. Smith Marriott. The withdrawal of Meern, a flat-coated dog, left the field of eight entirely composed of Labradors. Peter of Faskally, Mr. Butter's entry, Juniper, Logun Lorna, Sherborne Togi and Kaal were put into a first lot for trials, the judges being Mr. W. Arkwright, Captain H. Eley and Mr. E. G.



MR. A. R. BUXTON'S HUNSDON ZULU (WINNER).



CAPTAIN KIDSTON'S JUNIPER (SECOND).

us to be faithful to those old and trusted friends, there is no denying the capabilities of the Labradors, nor, in particular, the energy and pace at which they do their work. It is speed, too, which is achieved without loss of accuracy or care; nor do we find that these high-spirited and vigorous dogs are at all necessarily deficient in the qualities



PETER OF FASKALLY.

Wheeler. The dogs, on the whole, brought the game well to hand, while birds were killed out of roots, and Juniper especially did some fast work in very good style. She and Peter of Faskally had the best chances of distinguishing themselves in this first essay and did not miss them. The rest performed uneventful work without any conspicuous failure. In the park, which was



KATYA.



CAPTAIN T. H. DUTTON'S SHERBORNE TOGI.

the next beat, Logun Lorna and Dock each had a chance to show what was in them, and both retrieved their runners well; but the shooting was a little too deadly to show what many of the dogs could do with wounded birds.

Then came luncheon and therewith a break in the rain, and afterwards the park was taken again, and in that beat Hunsdon Zulu did a fast retrieval of a strong runner, which certainly put him high in the estimation of the judges. A fine task was achieved by Katya here—a pheasant being dropped a long way off, and running into covert was retrieved by her after a brief and fast quest. Peter of Faskally showed rather an evil disposition to mouth a rabbit in this bout and a disinclination to give the rabbit up kindly. Therewith the first day ended and no dog had the disgrace of being told that its attendance was not needed on the morrow. Therefore all eight reappeared.

So also did the sun, and all was warm and beautiful. Kaal and Dock were the first two to be dismissed from the possible champions list, for failure to execute their appointed tasks. On the other hand, Hunsdon Zulu further established his reputation by retrieving one of their little mistakes, and Juniper put in some good work, which he just failed to make quite good and complete enough.

The most interesting trial of all was when the guns stood with their backs to the river Llynfi, which was running in flood, while the birds were driven out, some of them pretty high, over their heads. The rocketers fell far back across the stream, and this was the occasion for some very good finding and retrieving. It was indeed remarkable how boldly all the dogs faced the formidable current, hunting their birds well or the far side of it and making their way back with the quarry. All were good here, but no doubt the judges were very right in their decision to make Mr. Andrew Buxton's Hunsdon Zulu the champion dog, for as far as could be seen he made no mistake in any of the trials that were given him, and in some of the tests he showed up very finely. Others might be as brilliant, but none so faultless. Second place was given to Mr. Kidston's Juniper, third to Major Phillips's Katya, and fourth to Mr. Butter's Peter of Faskally.

It was rather unfortunate that more of the winners of the preliminary field trials did not put in an appearance for this championship, but the quality of the champion is not to be denied, and the general standard of the retrieving was high.

### "OLD MORTALITY" REDIVIVUS.

**B**EING adjacent to the Quarry of Gatedowbrigg, where "Old Mortality" learnt the art of carving in stone, I thought I would follow his wanderings, and set out in the direction of the ancient graveyard at Dalgarnock; but, missing my road, after a stiff walk I found myself in the pretty little village of Auldgirth, not begrudging the accidental detour, for it gave an opportunity to admire this charming hamlet, with its graceful redstone bridge spanning the Nith. Thomas Carlyle's father worked as a mason, I was told, on the construction of this bridge. Ultimately Dalgarnock is reached. On the road to the graveyard we pass close to a solitary old-fashioned farmhouse. This is the Templand, where Carlyle some time resided and where he was married. Leaving this house on the left, a road through the fields brings you to the burial-place, wherein are some interesting epitaphs. On a moss-covered flagstone close by the gate I deciphered the following; it is carved in that rough, uneven style which Sir Walter Scott tells us was typical of "Old Mortality":

Here lies the body of James Harkness in Locherben who died  
6 December 1703 aged 72 years.  
Bene this stone this dust doth ly who endured 28 years  
persecution by tirrany  
Did him pursue with cho and cry through many a lonsome place

At last by Clavers he was tane sentenced for to dy but God  
who for his soul look'd atte did him from prison bring  
because no other cause they had but that he could no give  
up with Christ his glorious King and swear alligence to that  
beast the Duke of York I mean in spite of all their hellish  
rage a natural death he died in full assurance of his rest  
with Christ eternily.

Continuing the inspection of the graveyard, for it cannot be called otherwise, seeing that there is neither church nor other edifice anywhere about, we find a rich store of curiosities—rough stones carved with old-fashioned, chubby-cheeked faces with wings symbolical of cherubim; hour-glasses, sturdy cross-bones and grinning skulls; emblems of trades and occupations, relieved occasionally by the quaint rhymes of some of the worthies or wits who found a resting-place in this somewhat



PETER BRINGS A PHEASANT TO HAND.

historic Lowland cemetery. One has the oft-used verses beginning:

Affliction sore, longtime I bore.

It is said that Scotland is a grand place to die in, but a de'il of a place to be married in, for you get all your virtues extolled when you die, but all your faults exposed when you become a candidate for nuptial honours.

Such, I am persuaded, is the case, and when you have read some of the virtues engraved on the stones, you will not wonder at the little boy whose father had taken him through a Scottish churchyard and read to him the various inscriptions, turning to his parent and remarking, "I say, father, where do they bury all the ill anes?"

The following, dated 1791, may be taken as a very modest, though, perhaps, a truer, statement than some of the epitaphs I copied:

An obliging respectable honest man.

Quite fitting is the inscription to such a man's spouse:

A woman truly good and without ostentation.

A miller who died in 1836 has his life's brief history written in the following terms:

He was Lessee of Closeburn Factory Mill for nearly forty years. A man of the strictest integrity, had a clear head and a feeling heart. He was honourable in all his dealing and was the means of providing bread to many a family while he lived.

My curiosity in the records on the stones having thus been stimulated, I made it a feature of my outing to visit the adjoining churchyards, for I had already, as I thought, exhausted the kirk-yard at Penpont a few years previously, so only made a brief visit on this occasion. Glancing around I found an epitaph I had previously overlooked. It was to the minister's wife, who died in 1748. Here it is:

Here lies waiting for a glorious resurrection  
Body of Isobel Laurie besyde the pretious dust  
of her above husband to whom she was a prudent  
pious wife 32 years and the virtuous and loving  
mother of 15 children.

Death sent my soul mounted on Angels wings  
Joined with my spouse to praise the King of Kings.

It was with some difficulty I transcribed the last two lines. Here, as is frequently the case, if the engraver made a mistake in his spelling he interlined the missing letters, and this sometimes makes the inscription very difficult to decipher.

My next visit was to the churchyard at Keir, a small village a mile and a half or so from Penpont. Here, in this hillside cemetery, is a veritable Paradise for epitaph-hunters. On the grave of Elizabeth Porteus, who died in 1701, appears the following:

If it be askt whos corps are here interred  
Its answeurd thus a matrons who preferred  
Zions welfare to all transient things  
And in Christ were al her solacing springs.

W. G.

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## STANDARDISATION AGAIN !

THEY are at us again with talk about the standardising of the golf ball. But how can the golf ball be standardised? How is it possible? Every golf ball-maker in the land is hard at work now trying to "standardise" the balls he is turning out; that is to say, he is trying to attain and to maintain a certain standard, and one only—the highest. It is within common experience how they fail. We have seen make after make of the india-rubber-cored ball come up to a height of excellence at which it was so good that nearly everyone played with it, and within a few months it has gone back, been beaten in the competition, and another ball has arisen as the favourite. It is a point to observe, that it has gone back. It is not that some other ball has come forward a great deal. In the opinion of the present writer there has been no advance in these balls, except perhaps in their superior durability, since the Haskells, the first rubber-cored balls brought to this country or used in America, came to their perfection. The reason why certain once-favourite balls have dropped out of favour is that they have deteriorated. They have deteriorated, either because the manufacturer has failed to get an equally good supply of india-rubber, or because he has lost some of his best workmen and been obliged to fill their places with unskilled or careless ones. If, then, there is all this difficulty about maintaining a standard, how futile must be all the talk of standardising the ball!

## THE IDEA RATHER FANTASTIC.

Possibly it would be more feasible to standardise the balls that have a core of compressed liquid, or semi-liquid, in place of the india-rubber, for it certainly seems as if the india-rubber was the chief uncertain factor in the general result. For the rest, there are a number of practical difficulties. The simple thing seems to rule that the championships shall be played with the balls of only one maker, and that he shall supply them as nearly as possible of a certain quality. But that would not be a popular rule with the ninety-and-nine other makers, and still there is the question whether this invidiously selected maker could be relied on to serve out balls of one quality. Would there not be a deal of wrangling, one man saying that he had been given an inferior ball to that of an opponent who beat him? A possible alternative is to allow the use only of balls that, dropped from a certain height on a certain stone, shall not jump up above a certain height. Conceivably all balls to be used in the championship might be put to this test, just as cricket bats, at one time, used to be rigorously tested with the gauge. But golf balls are more numerous than bats, and the suggested scene of trial is rather fantastic.

## AN INVITATION FROM AMERICA.

Very *a propos* comes the following invitation, unfortunately received too late for acceptance, from the Western side of the Atlantic

" 34, Pine Street,

" New York, October 18th, 1910.

" DEAR SIR,—Standardisation seems now to be an issue in golf; our Schenectady is gone. The club you play with is scrutinised. Many players think under such scrutinisation the golf ball, perhaps, is the particular element in the game that should be standardised. Few know the merits or demerits of the modern ball; we don't, but should like to and pass judgment. Consequently, having a gross of Agrippas, which was considered the best gutta ball ever made, we propose an informal invitation tournament to take place at Garden City at ten o'clock on Wednesday, November 2nd. There will be a few small tokens. After the play you are invited to dine with Mr. C. B. Macdonald at Brick House, Roslyn. Arrangements for the accommodation of players for the night will be made.—Yours very truly, (signed) LOUIS LIVINGSTON, Secretary of the Gutta Ball Experimental Society."

## " OUR SCHENECTADY IS GONE."

" It will be interesting to read—unfortunately, we are too far off to hear—the observations of the players about the solid gutta-percha ball. It is said that those of our Oxford and Cambridge Society, when Mr. Croome led them out to a like ordeal on the links of Musselburgh, have been unmatched since the days of our armies in the Low Countries. But there is a suspicion that on that occasion they got hold of a very unfortunate sample of the "gutty" ball, stony and unresponsive. A good deal will depend, for the success of this Garden City

enterprise, on the condition of those ancient "Agrippas"; and one fears for that condition, knowing the extremes of climate to which the Eastern States of America are liable. Incidentally, one exceedingly interesting point appears in this invitation—those words "our Schenectady is gone." We must not build too much on them. It would be very premature to say that America will accept the Rules of Golf Committee's dictum on the point. Almost certainly she will not—at first. But there seems to be a bent of opinion in the States towards conformity, and towards the discard of the Schenectady. Neither finalist in their late amateur championship used it, though very many of the competitors did. There is quite a reasonable hope that in course of time the golfers of the States will realise that the Schenectady is really no better than any other putter, and that this, the strongest possible influence, will in the end induce them to accept our legislation.

## MISS LEITCH, PLAYER AND AUTHORESS.

Last week Miss Leitch again entered the arena against a formidable male opponent. Mr. Longstaffe knows every blade of grass at Aldeburgh, and is probably a better player there than he is anywhere else. Consequently Miss Leitch has certainly no cause to be ashamed of losing at the seventeenth hole when receiving but five strokes. This week she appears for the first time in the *role* of authoress. She is writing some hints to golfers of her own sex, which are appearing in the *Ladies' Field*. No doubt there are many things about ladies' golf, besides such mysteries as the use of a "Miss Higgins," that a lady can teach better than a man. No amount of book learning could teach the average lady, or the average man either for that matter, to swing with all the fire and light-heartedness of Miss Leitch; but if she can teach only a small part of her secret, she will not have written in vain.

## CYRIL HUGHES.

Young golfers who come from Chester have a way of making most exciting first appearances in the *News of the World* Tournament. Two years ago Robson burst upon an astonished world at Mid-Surrey, when he beat Mayo and Tom Ball, among other heroes, and only just succumbed to the great Taylor himself in the final. This year came Hughes from the same rather flat and marshy course, and very nearly rivalled Robson's achievement. He did not reach the final, but he only lost to Duncan at the nineteenth hole in the semi-final after a most thrilling match, that will still be within most people's recollection. Hughes has the quality of being a decidedly better player than he looks. His long game is not very impressive, partly because, being light and small, he has to use rather a forcing style and a long swing in order to get distance. Nevertheless, he is not only very straight, but, by the aid of a pronounced hook, quite long enough. His short game is both

pretty to look at and extremely effective. Hughes was probably the most popular of all the players with the crowd at Sunningdale, where his admirable pluck and coolness won him a great many new friends.

## THE PRICE OF GOLF BALLS.

ARE our golf balls going to cost us half-a-crown each for evermore? That is the question that a good many golfers are beginning to ask, not without indignation. There are, of course, makers who have never raised the price beyond the familiar two shillings, and there are also those who sell a professedly cheap ball at a smaller price; but half-a-crown may fairly be said to be the regular price of a golf ball. Is it not an outrageously high price? Even those who live entirely secluded from the world of commerce will remember that some time ago the price of rubber went up considerably. The golf ball-makers, like other people, had, doubtless, to pay more for their rubber, and though we all grumbled at having to pay an extra sixpence each for our golf balls, we admitted grudgingly that we could hardly expect anything else. We may have doubted whether a whole



CYRIL HUGHES.

sixpence was necessary; whether six was not selected rather than some smaller amount of pence because it was a "good, round number," but we let it pass. At the same time, we were certainly left under the impression that this tyranny was not to last for ever, and that we should only pay the extra sixpence as long as the price of rubber justified the increase.

Now, let us see what figures have to say. A glance at that mysterious part of the newspaper entitled "Markets" gives us very good cause for our indignation. The price of balls rose from two shillings to half-a-crown, roughly speaking, at the end of March, 1910. Under March 31st, 1910, we find this: "Fine, hard para for March-April, April-May and May-June deliveries sold at 11s. 1d. up to 11s. 4d." Now, turning to November 7th, 1910, we find this: "Fine, hard para Jan.-Feb., Feb.-March and March-April deliveries sold at 6s., and reported at 6s. old, which is closing value." Now, these seem to us two very eloquent passages. They afford very strong *prima facie* proof that there is no longer any possible excuse for the extra sixpence and that its retention constitutes a monstrous imposition. We were to be relieved from our burden as soon as ever the poor, starving, down-trodden manufacturer could possibly afford it. It really seems as if he ought to be able to afford it now. If anybody can explain away the revelations made by these figures, and can show that there would not now be a sufficiently generous profit on a two-shilling ball, it is much to be hoped that he will do so; his task can scarcely be an easy one.

It may be said that it is a piece of bad economics to reproach a man for not being satisfied with two shillings so long as he can continue to extort half-a-crown. This is not, we imagine, an argument that will satisfy the golfer for ever. He has become accustomed to paying his half-a-crown, and he does not always follow very closely the fluctuations of the market, and it takes some time to awake him from his lethargy. But he is beginning to wake up now, and once thoroughly aroused he will probably be very insistent in the matter.

There is one fact that possibly tends to keep the price up when it ought to be lowered. That fact is that golf is a rich man's game, in the limited sense that a great many rich men play it. They, of course, do not feel so very acutely the increase in price of their game. Nevertheless, nobody, especially in these days of taxation, wants to pay more than he need, and, most emphatically, nobody likes to be "done." Moreover, to a far larger number of golfers, the additional expense does matter a great deal. With the single exception that he now spends less on his clubs, because he does not break them, a golfer to-day has to spend much more money on his game than he used to do in the prehistoric days of the "gutty." The general standard of luxury and expense among golfers has gone up a great deal, and the poor man has already to pay much more than he likes in various ways. He may be pardoned if he does not see in that fact any conceivable reason why he should pay something very like an extortive price for his golf balls.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ROSE-PLANTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your two articles on rose-growing have been of great interest to me as a humble rose-grower of some years' standing. There are, however, one or two points on which I beg to differ, and should be interested to hear whether some of your readers do not make the same objections. In the first place, I doubt as to the advisability of planting any small roses or other greedy plants at the base of standard roses. From frequent demonstrations, both with and without, I find that standards do far better without anything planted in their immediate soil. Then, as regards rose gardens enclosed in rose hedges. My objection to this is that, except in the most sheltered gardens, rose hedges do not provide nearly enough protection against winds. I find that yew hedges serve the purpose far better, and that, giving the yews a good autumn mulching at the same time as the roses, they in no way hurt the latter. On the contrary, they make an impenetrable screen, and their dark colour shows up the roses particularly well. I have a rose garden surrounded by yew hedges four feet high, and find Betty, J. B. Clark, Mavourneen, Lady Roberts and a host of others grow as tall as the hedge itself, and do not suffer in any way from its close proximity. Whether my gardener has been too generous in time past with liquid manure or not I do not know, but for some years now I have forbidden its use, as apt to weaken, rather than strengthen, tea and hybrid tea roses in my Sussex soil. There is one very important point which I do not notice mentioned, and that is the necessity of deep staking and tying up of standard roses. The wind causes the roses to sag at the base, and water collects there and is apt to rot the roots. Strong poles and well-tied tarred rope are of the greatest importance. A very good effect can be obtained by planting drooping *wichuriana* standards eight feet high in the centre of a round bed, beneath these standards six feet high, then half-standards and, finally, dwarf roses. It has a very fine cascade appearance, added to the advantage of looking well from all sides. I find that roses of a robust habit do very well climbing up cherry and other fruit trees, provided we dig a V-shaped trench away from the tree and spread the rose roots well out in it, thus leading them away from the roots of the fruit tree itself.—GEORGES NARHONNARA.

### THE LAST OF THE LITTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not think any one of your correspondents has mentioned the word "cedidwen" which is applied to the last, or rather the weakling, of a litter of pigs in some parts of Wales. I cannot find it in any Welsh dictionary, nor offer any explanation as to its derivation; but doubtless, if he chose, the learned Principal of Jesus could trace its pedigree sufficiently far back.—R. D. R.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In this district I have often heard the smallest pig of a litter called "pig widden." The word "widden" is probably a survival of the ancient Celtic language, as it occurs in several Celtic place-names. It probably signifies "little."—C. N. W. T., Helston, Cornwall.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Northumberland and in the Border Counties the smallest pig is called the "creet." In the Midlands I have always heard it called the "retling" or the "wretling." I should think this last word must be of Saxon origin.—J. LIVINGSTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If your correspondent Mr. Robin Wilson has not already obtained a full list of local names for the smallest pig in the litter, the following may be of interest to him. In the Cleveland district of Yorkshire he is called "wreckun" (though I cannot vouch for the correctness of the spelling), and in the Eastern Counties "pitman." It is extraordinary how agricultural phraseology varies in the different counties and districts, and probably many fine old words and much forgotten folk-lore are preserved in these local terms. A complete glossary of them has yet to be compiled, I believe, and would, no doubt, prove exceedingly

interesting, not only to the educated farmer, but to the antiquarian. If Mr. Wilson is interested in the subject generally and cares to write to me, I would gladly put any information I have at his disposal, casually collected in various counties from farmers and labourers.—ROLLING STONE.

### AN OLD WELSH DRESSER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would tell me what is the best thing to do with an old Welsh dresser I have bought. It is supposed to have been partly cleaned, but in places there is still a good deal of (I suppose) varnish. Could this be entirely taken off without spoiling it, and, if so, how? Then, when it is off, would you simply rub it with a little ordinary furniture polish? I should be most grateful for advice.—A. E. T.

(Methylated spirit may remove the old varnish, but it is unlikely. The better way is to make a stiff lather of Hudson's dry soap with an old shaving brush and paint it on. Wipe it off soon to prevent the wood being bleached, and if any varnish remains repeat the application till it is all clean. Rub the wood then with a paraffined rag to clear away soap, and beeswax it. Do not use commercial wax from an oil store, but get pure wax, with its traces of old honey, from a bee-keeper, and dissolve it in benzine. Use little, and rub until the wood has no feeling of stickiness.—ED.)

### SHEEP TICKS ON A BIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am staying in Porlock, and my landlady told me the other day how she once picked up a little bird of the sparrow or chaffinch size which seemed very ill. She brought it home, and found on examining it that two large sheep ticks were fastened on to the back of its neck, swollen to a size larger than a pea. In trying to get one off it burst and covered her with blood. The poor little bird soon died. I never heard of this before, but it may be my ignorance.—LUCY W. HAWKINS.

### THE RAT-CATCHER-IN-CHIEF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE are well known for the wide knowledge that is displayed in the editorial and other answers which are given to the inquiries of correspondents. I wonder whether you or any of your readers could give me any information about the ancient office of rat-catcher-in-chief. I have vague memories of hearing about a resplendent uniform and brass buttons, but do not know when the official ceased to exist, or, at any rate, to wear his uniform.—RYBYBE.

### THE SONG OF THE REDWING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The redwing is not generally included among our British song-birds. In the land of its birth it is known with good reason as the Swedish nightingale; but for the bird to give an exhibition of its vocal powers in England is, according to the best authorities, extremely rare. It was, therefore, with feelings of surprise that I first heard the song of the redwing in Oxfordshire. Now, after several winters' observation, I am convinced that redwings frequently sing in this country. Redwings begin to arrive in England about the middle of October (I saw the first bird of this season in Oxfordshire on the 16th). Under the strain and stress of migration they do not seem inclined to sing; but by November they have to a great extent settled down in their winter quarters, and about midday, when the sun is hottest, a few birds may be found practising a low warble. This, however, is not the song of May. It resembles the October efforts of the thrush and blackbird—a feeble parody of the full-throated chorus of spring. At a distance this song resembles nothing so much as the creaking and squeaking medley of a starling. Redwings bear a superficial resemblance to starlings, and doubtless the song often helps to uphold the illusion. It is only when the observer is fortunate enough to approach close to the singer (redwings dislike being watched as much as any other wild bird) that he can distinguish the under-current of melody. The most astonishing part is the length of time for which this performance is continued. The bird seems to go

on and on without ever pausing to take breath. But doubtless one reason for this is the fact that the song is uttered *with the beak closed*, like the familiar cackle of the goose. As the days shorten the redwings have to give up their singing practice to the all-important search for food. In hard weather they will often grow absurdly tame where they are not molested, and may be watched from a distance of a few yards. During February and March they may be observed with increasing regularity practising singly or in flocks. I have even noticed them singing on the ground, as a song-thrush will occasionally do. The improvement in the power and variety of their notes grows noticeably from week to week. By the end of February a few birds will be heard to begin their song with a little trill. This trill is uttered with the beak open; it is consequently louder and clearer, and is, in fact, the commencement of the true spring song. He whose ear is tuned to receive and sort the many songs and call-notes of the birds around him cannot fail to catch this trill. Once identified, it is henceforth unmistakable. Though the redwings do not usually sing during the autumn migration, they appear to have no such objection in the spring. At any rate, in Staffordshire during the present year the last flock of redwings that remained were in full song on April 10th. The next day they had all disappeared. But even so late as April it is rare indeed to hear the full spring song of this winter visitor. We must go to more Northern latitudes for that.—F. A. MONCKTON.

[The redwing is described by Howard Saunders as possessing a singularly clear and flute-like voice, and his usual performance, consisting of a series of long, clear calls followed by a liquid trill and transcribed by that authority "tui-tui-tui-tritritri," is quite worthy of being called a song even in the winter. Its elaboration in the springtime is a feature shared by many birds. But as early as October 30th of this year a flock of redwings, which had taken possession of a birch coppice on the borders of Epping Forest, were singing quite lustily, encouraged, no doubt, by an open spring-like day.—ED.]

#### WINTER EGGS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You were kind enough to publish in your issue of May 7th last my letter about a pen of black la Bresse pullets, in which I told you of their wonderful laying powers from the time they began, when only four and a-half months old, on August 12th, 1909, till the date of my letter, the end of April. It may now interest you and the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to learn that their record for the twelve months ending on August 11th last showed the wonderful average per pullet of about two hundred and four eggs, weighing at least twenty-five pounds, or about five times their own weight. The large size of their eggs is very remarkable when compared with the small size of the birds. These hens have never been shut up, but have roamed over a large space, finding most of their own food for themselves. The fact that they have been in the habit for many months past of roosting in the higher branches of a fir tree beside their house will show you how hardy they are. I think you will agree with me that so useful a breed ought to be better known in England. In 1905 the white la Bresse won second place in the laying competition, and were only three eggs behind the winners, a pen of white Leghorns. The fact of their being so averse to confinement, being what the French call a "vagabond race," militates against their being entered in competitions with other breeds.—TONBRIDGE.

From Aug. 12th..	56	Nov. ..	106	Feb. ..	107	May ..	191
Sept. ..	98	Dec. ..	111	March ..	186	June ..	149
Oct. ..	99	Jan. ..	142*	April ..	190	July ..	102
						Aug. 11th..	30

1,567

\* One pullet added to the seven on January 1st, 1910.

#### THE POISON OF WEEVERS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 29th is an interesting article on poisonous fishes, among which you mentioned the weevvers and their ability of actually inflicting poisonous wounds. I can speak from experience. Two or three years back I was yachting in the North Sea, and happened to catch a lesser weever, about



NORTH EASTERN RHODESIAN GIRAFFE.

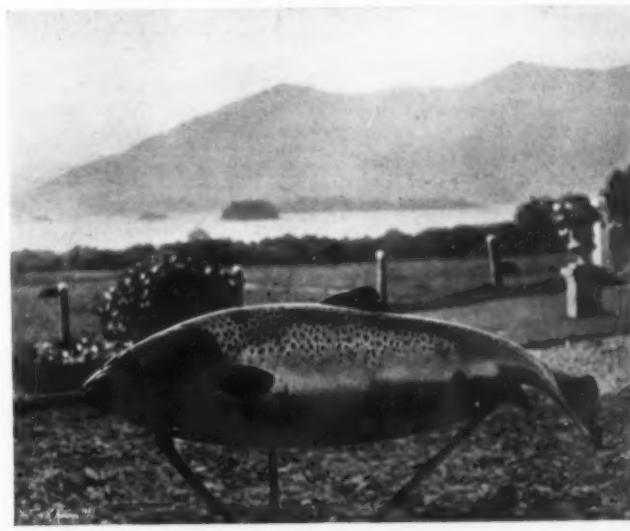
eight inches in length, on a line I had out. In handling the fish I received a prick from one of the poisonous spines, which caused sharp, continuous pain, my hand immediately swelling; this continued for a whole day, gradually subsiding. Happening to call in at a Dutch port next day, I mentioned the incident to an English pilot who frequented those waters, and he told me the Dutch fishermen are often poisoned in handling the weever; in a few cases the arm had to be amputated. I give this for what it is worth, but consider it possible. In Holland the weever is much used as an article of diet, both in its fresh state and dried, the poisonous spines being first removed.—R. F. H. CREWE.

#### A TWELVE-POUNDER.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a snap-shot I took in front of the Royal Victoria Hotel of a brown trout, twelve and a-half pounds in weight, caught with a troll on Killarney Lake on October 6th. The trout was a female in good condition, and was caught by Mr. J. T. Malpass of Manchester.—R. BARTER, St. Ann's Hill, Cork.

[This letter was inadvertently omitted last week, and the illustration



A BIG TROUT FROM KILLARNEY.

placed in proximity to an explanatory letter about the catching of a forty-one pound pike.—ED.]

#### CLEMATIS DYING OFF.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The trouble to which your correspondent refers on page 663 is one that has for a long time puzzled gardeners and scientists alike, and up to the present no very clear reason has been given as to its cause. During the past eight years I have examined a large number of plants, or portions of plants, that have gone off suddenly in the manner so well described by your correspondent, and in no instance could any disease be found that could fairly be supposed to cause the trouble. In addition to examining the plants carefully I have on several occasions submitted specimens to one of the leading horticulturists in the country, and the reply has invariably been that nothing was present that could have caused the plants to behave in this way. I have for several years inclined to the belief that wrong cultivation is the primary cause, and time has strengthened this belief. The wild clematis, on which the various garden forms are usually grafted, is a lime-loving plant, growing principally on thoroughly drained banks where lime in the form of chalk is fairly abundant. For this reason I always advise thorough drainage—more than is usual for most plants—when preparing the positions for clematis, and also the mixing with the soil of a large proportion of old mortar, slaked lime or chalk, preferably the former. The actual planting is also important. Whenever I have been able to examine a dead or affected plant *in situ* it has invariably had its roots planted too deeply. These ought not to be placed more than two inches below the surface, or if the soil is naturally clayey one inch will be sufficient. It is, of course, impossible to say definitely that the reasons named above are entirely responsible, but in the absence of any tangible disease one must assume that the trouble is physical. Like your correspondent, I do not think that grafting causes the mischief.—F. W. H.

#### WIND TURBINES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your correspondents give the results of practical experience with wind turbines as generators of electricity? They are ugly things, these modern windmills with their skeletal obelisks—this much your advertising columns make quite clear—but are there reasons, other than aesthetic ones, for or against their more general use? This is what I would be glad to learn from someone who knows.—L.

#### AN APPARENTLY NEW GIRAFFE.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some months ago Mr. H. S. Thorncroft sent me the photograph—herewith reproduced—of a giraffe shot in North-Eastern Rhodesia, which at the time I believed indicated an undescribed race of *Giraffa camelopardalis*. This opinion has been confirmed by a skin and skull of a bull from the same, and only, herd, just received from Mr. Thorncroft at the Natural History Museum. This giraffe is distinguished from all the races hitherto known to me by having the lower portion of the legs uniformly fawn-coloured, the northern races having the same parts white, while in the southern forms they are fawn-coloured with chocolate spots. The body spots, as is well shown in the photograph, lack the strongly stellate character of those of the Kilimanjaro race, while the unpaired frontal horn is of medium size. The Rhodesian giraffe attains a great stature; but I have not at present particulars of its measurements.—R. L.

#### THE CORNCRAKE REVEALED.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a reader of COUNTRY LIFE I was much interested in "P. T.'s" letter on "The Corncrake Revealed," which carried me back to the days of my youth,

over fifty years ago. It was a common practice with we Derbyshire youngsters to call up the bird to within a few yards by means of what was called a "creak," a home-made article which consisted of a wooden disc about two inches in diameter, which was notched or cogged with a knife. This was made to run in a forked piece of wood, on to which a spring wooden lath was fastened with string, the end of the lath resting on the notches of the wheel. It was drawn smartly down the arm or leg, and an exact imitation was accomplished. Although the bird came very close up, I cannot remember an instance of its being visible. Anent the correspondence, "The Last of the Litter," in Derbyshire the familiar name was the "ruttlin," which no doubt is a corruption of the word "ricklin" or "rucklin."—W. BODELL.

A CAT AND THE "HIGH JUMP."  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to enclose a photograph which I think may interest you. The picture represents a common stable cat jumping, and I think demonstrates to what an extraordinary height a cat can spring without taking any run. Doubtless this cat in the photograph may appear not to be as high in the air as she might be when jumping a wall or other fixed obstacle; but when one compares the height she is from the ground to her own height the jump seems enormous.—WYNSFORD SWINBURNE.



THE HEIGHT OF A CAT'S SPRING.

thing, together with sand, to improve the turf, make it harder and kill the moss? Would constant rolling do this? I should be obliged for any general advice on the subject. I do not wish to incur much expense.—H. A. CHERRY.

[The fact that the lawn "lies low" indicates a difficulty about any drainage, which, besides, would be expensive. The best thing to do with a lawn of this character is to take off the turf and put a layer of gravel under; but this, again, means expense. The advice, under the circumstances, would be to use Walker's S.P. charcoal, and if you are near the sea to give dressings of sea sand. If far from the sea, it comes too expensive, and inland sand is hardly worth the trouble of putting on. Do not roll too much, as it clogs up the ground and prevents the moisture getting away. The charcoal will help to get rid of the moss and will help the drainage; but winter is not a very good time to put it on. You would get the best results in the very early autumn. Any time after April it will be effective.—ED.]

THE FINGER PILLORY.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

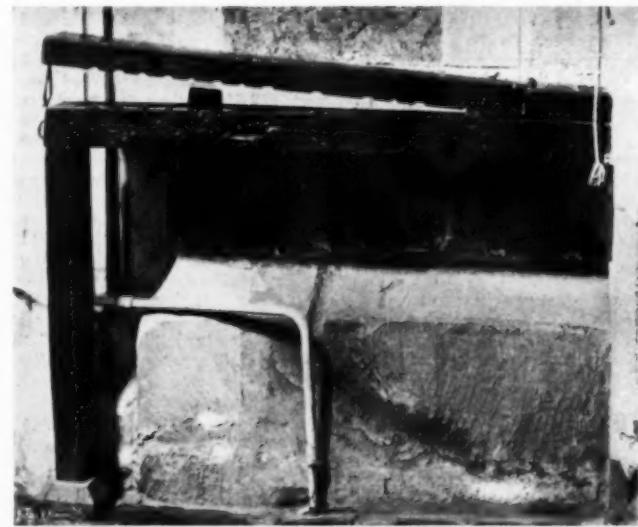
SIR,—Enclosed I send a photograph of the finger pillory or stocks in St. Helen's Church, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which I thought might possibly be acceptable for publication in COUNTRY LIFE. This stands at the west end of the north aisle, and consists of a beam of oak about three feet long in two parts, which is hinged at one end and fastened at the other with a padlock. Along the lower part are holes and grooves of various sizes to accommodate the fingers of the unruly ones, which were inserted downwards into the holes and then bent at the knuckles, and the upper portion with corresponding grooves in it was then lowered and locked at the end. According to the caretaker, "this instrument was used at the time of the Reformation when people went to church for

less this cat in the photograph may appear not to be as high in the air as she might be when jumping a wall or other fixed obstacle; but when one compares the height she is from the ground to her own height the jump seems enormous.—WYNSFORD SWINBURNE.

THE LOW-LYING LAWN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have a lawn on which I wish to make a lawn tennis court; the lawn lies low, is damp, soft and very mossy. Would a dressing of basic slag be a good



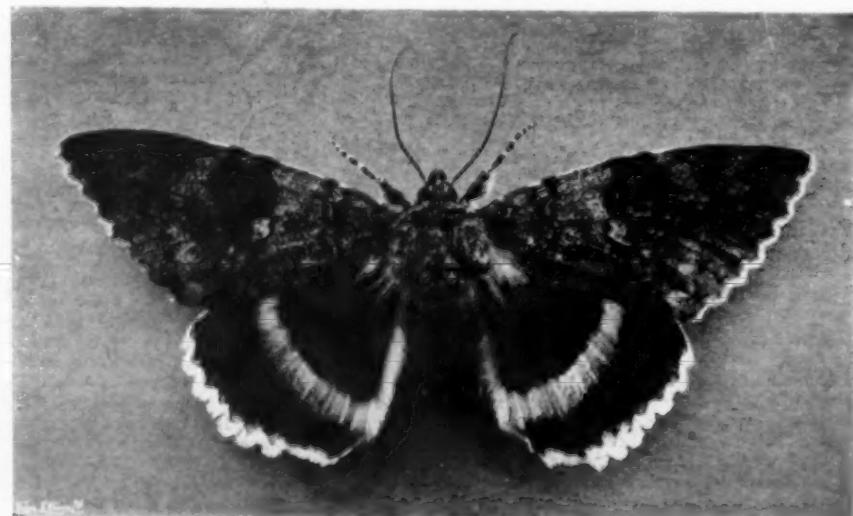
THE FINGER PILLORY AND STOCKS.

the purpose of making a disturbance." Whether this is correct I do not know. I understand this is the only example of its kind in the country.—F. LUMBERS.

A PRECIOUS BRITISH MOTH.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Entomologists were not a little interested last year in the prospect of the establishment of a permanent supply of "British" specimens of the Clifden Nonpareil (*C. fraxini*), one of the rarest insects to be found in the British Isles. Since 1880 only some twenty specimens have been reported in Great Britain, considerably less than an average of one a year. The fore wings are delicately marbled in stone colour, while the hind wings are black, richly banded with bright blue and margined with white. The moth belongs to the same genus as the well-known red underwing moth (*C. nuptia*), but is larger and has blue on the hind wings instead of rose red. On September 3rd, 1908, a specimen was caught in Surrey, which laid one hundred and thirty eggs. These eggs were offered for sale, and were bought by various collectors. The moths from these eggs emerged last autumn. Mr. H. W. Ford-Lindsay of Clive Vale, Hastings, was among those into whose possession some of these eggs passed. He is one of the few collectors who have already captured a wild Clifden Nonpareil, his specimen, taken in 1895 at Hastings, being now in the Hastings Museum. He has sent the following notes of the progress of the brood from the above-mentioned eggs: The first larvae, two in number, were hatched on April 25th, 1909; but, owing to the backwardness of last spring, no food could be found for the young caterpillars, which died of starvation. By good luck, in a sheltered spot a poplar tree was found just bursting into leaf before the arrival on April 27th of the next caterpillars. Two followed on the next day and one on the 30th; the last came out on May 26th. They all thrived on the young poplar leaves, and the first, full fed by July 20th, two days later spun a loose cocoon among the dried leaves which had been provided for it. Others pupated in due course, and the first moth emerged on September 1st. Two more appeared on the 3rd, and thereafter they continued to emerge until October 2nd. Unluckily, all except the last specimen were males. Mr. Ford-Lindsay endeavoured to keep them alive until the arrival of a female, but was unable to do so, though, as the insect is extremely restless at night and soon batters itself about when kept in confinement, he sacrificed the freshness of most of his specimens in the endeavour. Two fine males, however, which were killed on emergence, are now in the Hastings Museum in company with the wild one of 1895. Mr. George Masters had much the same experience as Mr. Ford-Lindsay. His first larvae appeared on May 6th and were fed on poplar. The first two moths to arrive emerged together on August 30th, and six had appeared by the end of September. Curiously enough, in this case the sequence of the sexes was precisely the reverse, the first two being females and the last four all males. Under the circumstances no attempt was made, nor would it have been possible,

to breed to another generation. From a third direction, of which the facts have not yet been recorded, pairing was successfully managed and eggs have been obtained to perpetuate the strain. It is no new thing to breed the Clifden Nonpareil in England. Eggs, larvae or pupae are constantly being imported into England from abroad, and the life-history of the insect is well known. This is believed to be the first time that breeding has taken place from a specimen captured on British soil, and it is probable that more "British" *fraxini* arrived during September and October, 1909, than have been secured since lepidopterists began to collect. The photograph was taken by Mr. Ford-Lindsay from one of the specimens mentioned above.—F. F.



THE CLIFDEN NONPAREIL (*CATOCALA FRAXINI*).